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LALO'S OPERA, PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND: SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF "LE ROI D'YS," AT COVENT GARDEN.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This humble page seems to have a horrid fascination for German readers. They would much rather pore over their own newspapers, which regale them with fantastic legends of British cruelties; but they are drawn by some uncanny influence to the "Note Book," where legend is treated with disrespect. I hold them as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest with his skinny hand. When they awake in the night, they see a mocking phantom at the foot of the bed. I am like that "fearsome beast" the tiger in the children's poem—

When you kneel to say your prayers,
He comes galumping up the stairs;
And if you hide beneath the clothes,
He nozzles at you with his nose.

What is a poor German to do who wants to be left in peace to enjoy the stories of British "atrocities"? He writes me a long letter to assure me that, say what I will, this British war will ever be for him "cruel, monstrous, unrighteous." And he surmises that I must be "a very young man" to presume to contradict the enlightened opinion of the German public.

When your locks are grizzled, it is sweet to have youth flung at you, even in scorn. In my schooldays the favourite piece for boyish recitation was Pitt's retort on Horace Walpole, who had charged him with the "atrocious crime of being a young man." How we used to relish the sarcasm with which the young man castigated the declining years of his imprudent senior! But what can be more flattering to middle age than to be reproached with youthful impetuosity! Twenty years hence, if I live so long, I may be sedate enough to appreciate the Bismarckian gentleness, forbearance, and charity that have ever distinguished the foreign policy of Germany, and the beautiful domestic freedom that expels Danish servant-girls from Schleswig. In my own deplorable country we cannot even emulate such virtues. We can only annoy the enlightened German by an inflexible resolve to put down the King's enemies. In our place the Germans, of course, would have sought to propitiate Mr. Kruger on the principle of David Copperfield's friend the tailor. "Oh, my lungs and liver! will you go for twopence?" And when Mr. Kruger had declined to go for twopence, Bismarck's successor would have made him the head of a sovereign international State, and presented him with Natal and Cape Colony.

There are rebels in the Colony who, unless they are ringleaders, have no punishment to fear except five years' disfranchisement. If they are taken, they will lose neither life nor property, only votes for a fixed period. Mr. Rose-Innes tells a story of a young Dutch farmer who consulted a lawyer as to the perils of treason. When he learned that he was liable to nothing worse than disfranchisement for five years, he gaily shouldered his rifle and joined the nearest commando. If there were a rising in Alsace and Lorraine to co-operate with a French invasion, would the Bismarckian leniency to rebels resemble ours? Would the German martial law make it perfectly safe for young Alsatian farmers to join the invaders? I apologise to the German reader for these questions; but when he says our behaviour is "cruel, monstrous, and unrighteous," I wonder in my youthful way how these terms can be fitted to the policy which enables a shrewd Dutch farmer comfortably to turn traitor after a consultation with his lawyer. And for this kind of rebel our sentimentalists have demanded "generous amnesty." It is barbarous and inhuman to deprive the poor suffering innocent of his vote. It is what Caligula might have done, or Attila. Bismarck, to be sure, would have thanked the young farmer warmly, and paid his lawyer's consultation fee.

It has been suggested that to talk of amnesty now is the very way to encourage Dutch farmers to join commandoes without even the expense of that consultation. So a mood of circumspection has come upon some generous minds. "Let us leave the amnesty to the end of the war," they say, as if that made the slightest difference. Any promise of amnesty must stimulate disaffection. Some ringleaders of this rising have been most justly shot; others have been fined and imprisoned. Is amnesty to compensate the families of the dead, and repay the fines? The generous minds find comfort in the Canadian precedent. There is as much analogy between the Canadian rebellion and the Cape rebellion as there is between the river in Macedon and the river in Monmouth. The Canadians did not make a wanton revolt to help a foreign invader to drive us into the sea. They had grievances, which were redressed; and when you redress grievances it is logical to grant amnesty. We will redress no grievance at the Cape, because none exists; therefore, amnesty would be weak concession to insolent defiance.

I can see my German reader sitting up in his bed and shaking his fist at the phantom. "Go away," he cries;

"you are superficial!" This is an entirely new English word, coined by one of my German correspondents. It seems to be an excellent amalgamation of "superfluous" and "supercilious." I don't mind its application to myself, for I am lost in admiration of the genius that invented it. It ought to be a boon to people who, when a writer provokes them, are in the habit of calling him "flippant." John Addington Symonds remarks in one of his essays that the English language suffers from the necessary iteration of little words like "the" and "which." It suffers more from the necessity of calling a man "flippant" when he puts an obnoxious proposition with irritating point. A friend of mine described that kind of person as belonging to the criminal classes. This defeated its purpose by exaggeration. In one of Mr. Gilbert's songs we have "the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs." "Pestilential nuisance" is a good phrase which I commend to my German; but it is not so urbane as "superfluous." I hope to see this adopted by French writers who borrow so many English words. It ought to be useful to the critic who says that Anatole France is a bitter enemy of Christianity and chastity, Anatole France having written what is probably the most beautifully humane tribute to the religious spirit in conventual life that can be found in any language.

There ought to be subjects on which one can write without any suspicion of flippancy. There is the new balloon that a Brazilian inventor has successfully steered round the Eiffel Tower. When the crowd saw the balloon making a graceful curve, there rose from thousands of enthusiastic throats the cry "Vive Santos!" It is a shout that will go round the world. At the end of his voyage the gallant inventor had a slight mishap, and had to descend abruptly among the trees of Baron de Rothschild. Out rushed the Baron, who at once proposed to cut down the trees to save the balloon from injury. This might well have moved the Paris crowd to cry, "Vive Rothschild!" instead of "Conspuez le Juif!" There, you see! Flippancy will not spare even balloons. Then there is the projected widening of Piccadilly. It cannot be done without taking away a slice of the Green Park, and you may be sure that, on behalf of nurses, babies, and dogs, especially dogs, somebody will write to the *Times* to demand that, instead of removing the Park railings, we shall move back the houses on the opposite side. Again! Even railings are not safe from "superfluousness"!

Americans are already preparing to "come galumping" down Piccadilly for the Coronation. It is said that a financier in New York has instructed his London agent "to invest five thousand pounds in suitable places—stands, sites, and windows." Can this be the master hand of Mr. Pierpont Morgan? Perhaps he would like to buy the Coronation, and set the crown on his own head, while imported American bands play the "Star-Spangled Banner." I understand there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Morgan has offered to defray the entire cost of the South African War on condition that the British Government will allow the Regalia to repose under a glass case in his New York office for three months in the year. But there is a prospect that the Coronation will be witnessed chiefly by Americans, who are hoping that Piccadilly will be widened sufficiently to permit three stationary lines of one-horse buggies to flank the procession. Does the soul of Mr. Howells burn within him? He has often protested against what he calls the "grotesque idolatry of Sovereign-worship," and here is a New York financier buying up stands, sites, and windows in order that a multitude of Americans may do homage to King Edward VII.

All the eloquence lately expended in this page and elsewhere has not induced any financier to put down the money necessary to save the view from Richmond Hill. Sixty-six acres of beauty will be turned to "building lots" if the sum of seventy thousand pounds be not forthcoming before the end of the summer. The Government has a costly war on its hands, and has no cash to spare. Private munificence remains stolidly unsympathetic.

I'd crowns resign
To call thee mine,

sang the bard, who was supposed to have a Richmond lady in his eye. Our poetical souls in Lombard Street would rather keep their crowns in their pockets than save the trees from Twickenham Eyot to Richmond Bridge. A sceptical friend assures me that the bard, in apostrophising his "sweet lass of Richmond Hill," was thinking of Richmond in Yorkshire. Who cares how many Richmonds there may be in the field when our wealthy magnates care so little for the loveliest spot on the Thames that they will not form an æsthetic "trust" to save it from the builder? I renew my appeal to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. He cannot have the Regalia, so let him sing—

I'll Crowns resign
To call thee mine,
Sweet view from Richmond Hill.

PARLIAMENT.

Education Bill-No. 2 is having a stormy passage through the Commons. Delay has been caused by the illness of Mr. Lowther, the Chairman of Committees. In his absence the Deputy Chairman has no power to apply the closure. A night's debate, therefore, failed to dispose of an amendment declaring county and borough councils to be incompetent authorities for the purposes of the Bill.

A discussion of the housing question disclosed Mr. Walter Long in the character of a sympathetic administrator, greatly applauded by Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Long declined to extend the term for the repayment by local authorities of loans raised for the purpose of providing new dwellings for the poor. Sir William Harcourt said that this was sound public economy, and wished that Mr. Balfour would profit by it. Mr. Long did not think that the term for repayment of loans had much to do with the rents charged to the poor, but he showed that the Local Government Board welcomed suggestions for the training of the children. The boarding-out system was to be extended under careful supervision, but, at the same time, many children were to be retained in large schools, where they could have the physical training to fit them for the Army and Navy.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT THE LYCEUM.

With the reproduction of "Coriolanus" this evening Sir Henry Irving brings to a close a singularly interesting series of revivals and of histrionic triumphs. The programme submitted at the Lyceum during the current week might have been specially selected to demonstrate at once the versatility and the picturesque bias of the great actor's talent. In rapid succession have been presented his Charles I., a dignified, gentle, and graceful portrait; his Louis XI., a sardonic and awe-inspiring study of detestable senility; his Dubosc, a more flashy but hardly less bizarre exemplification of villainy; his veteran of "Waterloo," a charming sketch of pathetic old age; his Mathias of "The Bells," his best known and most nerve-affecting display of mental disorder; and finally his Shylock, a superbly majestic and vehement impersonation, typifying in one figure the sorrows and ambitions of a God-troubled race. Here are half-a-dozen performances, among the most memorable in the history of the English acting of the last generation, the most expressive of the particular player's range and temperament, the most successful in the list of his achievements. Even his Coriolanus, utterly opposed as it is to the author's obvious intention, has many moments of impressiveness, for Henry Irving can touch no part which he does not in some way adorn.

THE CHARITY MATINÉE AT THE GARRICK.

Despite the continuance of hot weather, the conclusion of the season, and the closing of the more noteworthy playhouses, charitable matinées still seem to attract theatrical audiences—witness the special performance offered at the Garrick this week in aid of the Horse Ambulance Fund. Mr. Arthur Hare, just returned from the war, looked after the programme, which included a comedieta of Mr. Havelock Etttrick's, entitled "A Diplomatic Theft," and a more ambitious work of Mr. Hare's own contriving, a comedy of smart American society styled "The Vengeance of Mrs. Vansittart." Quite an eventful history has the latter play enjoyed. Though not at all concerned with military topics, it was commenced in leisure hours at "the front," was almost captured at one time by the Boers, and was completed in a South African hospital. Among those who agreed to assist the author in providing agreeable entertainment on Tuesday were Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Mr. R. C. Herz, Miss Decima Moore, and Miss Janette Steer, who lent the theatre for the occasion.

THE JAPANESE PLAYERS AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The Japanese actors are now housed at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and present there a programme with just one element of novelty. Two of their plays are already familiar to Londoners: "Zingoro," as a quaint and characteristically Eastern rendering of the "Pygmalion" legend, and "The Geisha and the Knight," as the strange drama which revealed Sada Yacco's possession of tragic powers. Hitherto, this lady's husband, Mr. Kawakami, has hardly proved so impressive, and has rather tickled irreverent playgoers' sense of humour. But at last, in a version of the trial scene of "The Merchant of Venice," he obtains his chance, and impersonates a Japanese Shylock with force and—on the pantomime side—with some subtlety. Such a mere adaptation, however, as "Sairoku," though in it all the humour and romance of the original are obliterated, seems, even in its Oriental setting, too Western a medium for the charming simplicity of Tokio histrionics. We miss the queer interruptions of song and dance, the incongruous modes of emotional expression, and it is only in casual touches of that grotesque realism of detail which is the mark of Japanese dramatic art that we recognise the true colouring of the Far East.

This week witnessed the reopening at Folkestone of the old-established and favourite West Cliff Hotel, which has been practically rebuilt and remodelled since it passed into the hands of a company with Sir John Furly as chairman and the late proprietor, Mr. Charles Lord, as managing director. The building has been thoroughly brought up to date, and although the grand entrance appears externally unchanged, as soon as the portals are passed immense improvements greet the eye. All the sanitary arrangements have been carried out under the eye of the borough inspector, who has certified that they are perfect, and electric light is freely supplied everywhere.



1. PROCESSION OF THE FAITHFUL AT NAPLES. 2. SCHOOLCHILDREN VISITING CHURCHES AT VENICE. 3. THE FAITHFUL AT PRAYER BEFORE THE PRIVILEGED ALTAR IN GENOA CATHEDRAL.

GAINING THE HOLY YEAR JUBILEE IN ITALIAN CITIES.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.

The Jubilee Year indulgences proclaimed last year in Rome by Leo XIII. are now being gained throughout Christendom by Roman Catholics who were at that time, unable to visit the Holy City.



THE MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN HYDE PARK, JULY 15.

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.

No meet was held last year by the club, as so many of its members were on active service in South Africa. The Earl of Ancaster led the procession of coaches to Hurlingham.

PERSONAL.

The King went at the end of last week to stay for a day or two with the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Countess Torby at Keele Hall, Staffordshire, which his Imperial Highness has taken from Mr. Ralph Sneyd. On the same day the Queen, with the Duchess of Fife and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, went to Sandringham. Before leaving for their respective destinations, their Majesties were present when little Prince Edward of York discharged what may be considered his first public duty. The little Prince received an album of views of the Duke of York's School, presented on the occasion of its centenary by a deputation consisting of ten of the boys of the school, who were accompanied by Colonel Forrest, the Commandant, with the Chaplain and the Adjutant. Last Wednesday the Duke of Connaught was formally installed as Grand Master of English Freemasons, the office so long held by the King, who has now become patron of the Order. The week has also been marked by the return of Princess Henry of Battenberg from Germany. It is necessary but inexpressibly painful for her Royal Highness to revisit Osborne, with its memories of the late Queen, to whom she was so devoted a daughter.

The trial of Earl Russell was graced by the presence of two hundred peeresses. No such spectacle has been seen within living memory. The commonplace law courts are full of jealous spleen, and it is loudly demanded that in future no member of the nobility shall be tried by his peers.

The Chinese have conceived a passion for civilisation in the shape of cigarettes. These are now imported largely, special favour being shown to American cigarettes because the packets usually contain portraits of fascinating ladies. These are exhibited for sale at shops where the merchandise consists chiefly of articles of religious worship.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has the courage of her opinions. No sooner had she returned to Paris from London than she poured out a warm-hearted tribute to the kindness of the London public, and to their goodwill towards France. She has excellent reason to testify to these things. Unhappily, the gentlemen who write in the Paris papers for the most part neither know nor care anything about the sentiments that Madame Bernhardt describes.

The meeting of the Liberal Party at the Reform Club was followed by an effort to "postpone" the dinner to Mr. Asquith. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman suggested that the demonstration should not be held, but Mr. Asquith was unable to fall in with this view. Much tribulation was consequently caused to Liberals, who did not know whether to attend the dinner or hold aloof. In the end about forty members of Parliament joined the numerous company that did honour to Mr. Asquith.

The committee appointed to consider the feasibility of establishing a Federal Court of Appeal has made good progress with its deliberations. London, meanwhile, has the presence of eminent representatives from the Colonies: Sir W. J. Smith, Sir John Edge, Judge Hodges, Judge Emerson, Mr. Moram, K.C., and the Hon. Sir James Prendergast. South Africa is represented by the Hon. J. Rose-Innes, K.C., who has to speak for a larger territory than at one time seemed likely to be taken into count; and Canada, contrary to expectation, has sent, not the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, but the Hon. David Mills. The case for the Australasian Colonies is comparatively straightforward, but the sentiment of Quebec (of which Mr. Fitzpatrick is one of the Parliamentary representatives) a little complicates the negotiations in regard to the Dominion. Practically, however, the new proposals are far less a formal expression of Imperial Federation

than a mere common-sense effort to strengthen the Privy Council Court of Appeal by a representation upon it of the outlying territories marked with the colour of Great Britain upon the world's map.

There are many judges in America, a country which offers to the practitioner of law an interesting variety of rules and precedents, according to the State in which he follows his vocation. Judge Carter, who came to London to testify in the case of Earl Russell, is familiar with procedure in Nevada. For the nonce, the Judge has become a witness, a new rôle which, perhaps by reason of his opportunities of observation, and sometimes of exasperation, he discharges to perfection. Judge Carter, when he returns home, will certainly be able to say that he is the only American now living who has appeared as a witness in the trial of a peer for bigamy by his peers at Westminster.

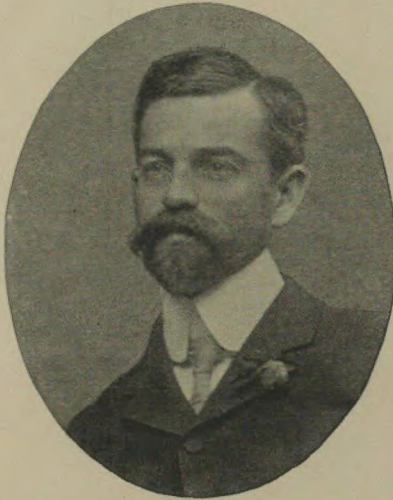


Photo. Russell and Sons.

JUDGE CARTER,
American Witness in the Russell Trial.Mr. W. B. Moram, K.C.,
South Africa.Sir John Edge,
India.Sir W. J. Smith,
British Guiana.Mr. Justice Hodges,
Victoria.Hon. Sir J. Prendergast,
New Zealand.Hon. David Mills,
Canada.Hon. J. Rose-Innes, K.C.,
South Africa.Mr. Justice Emerson,
Newfoundland.

THE COLONIAL DELEGATES TO THE IMPERIAL COURT OF APPEAL CONFERENCE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



THE WINNERS OF THE ELCHO SHIELD AT THE BISLEY RIFLE MEETING: THE ENGLISH TEAM.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

A very successful Bisley Meeting yielded many exciting competitions, chief of all being that for the Elcho Challenge Shield, open to teams of eight from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales respectively. Twenty times has this trophy been won on previous occasions by England, twelve times by Ireland, and seven times by Scotland. Wales has rarely entered for it, nor did she do so this year. England was the victor last week, Scotland coming second, and Ireland making a respectable third. The competitions for the Prince of Wales's and the Donegal Cups were very keen, Sergeant J. Welch and Sergeant Goodear heading the respective scores. Teams of Marines competed for the Duke of Coburg's Cup for the fifth year, the Royal Marine Artillery taking it for the third time.

Ouida has raised a dreadful wail because the wicked authorities in Cape Colony have put Olive Schreiner under restraint. She is said to be imprisoned within a barbed-wire fence, guarded by sentries, and is not allowed to scatter eloquent manuscripts up and down the land. As Olive Schreiner's writings are regarded as incitements to rebellion, there is no reason why she should enjoy the liberty of Ouida, who does not live in Cape Colony.

Mr. W. P. Schreiner, late Premier of the Cape, has written a letter of sympathy to Mr. Herholt, whose property has been destroyed by Cape rebels because he supported the Treason Bill. This letter of Mr. Schreiner's will be deeply resented by his sister, Olive Schreiner, whose sympathies are of quite a different kind.

It is said that Mrs. Henry Fawcett will be sent to South Africa by the Government to report on the condition of the concentration camps. She will be accompanied by a committee of ladies. This shows that every possible effort will be made to ameliorate the condition of the Boer refugees. But nothing whatever is said about an official inquiry into the condition of the starving British refugees in Natal and Cape Colony.

Lord Kitchener has sent to General Delarey the sworn depositions of British soldiers who saw their wounded comrades deliberately shot by Boers at Vlaktefontein. Lord Kitchener does not think this communication will have any effect, as the Boer commandants, who have proved themselves high-minded and generous foes, have little or no control over their men. But it is well to remember that such barbarities as were committed at Vlaktefontein disgrace only a very few Boers. The vast majority have shown conspicuous humanity.

An impudent swindler was lately convicted at Vienna of obtaining a considerable sum of money from subscriptions for a testimonial to Mr. Kruger. Another swindler has tried to palm off on the editor of the *Temps* a letter purporting to come from the Lord Mayor of York, and expressing the hope that the Boers would be reduced to "serfdom." Luckily, M. de Pressensé knows England very well; and he took the precaution of submitting the letter to the Lord Mayor of York, who exposed the fraud. It is of value, however, as showing the manner in which letters are fabricated by the allies of Mr. Stead.

Rosario Buffalino is a good name for comic opera. It belongs to a Sicilian brigand who has announced in a newspaper that, having set up in the business of brigandage on high principles, he is ready to execute with punctuality and dispatch orders from deserving persons who want oppressors of the poor to be put out of the way. "Assassinations neatly executed at the shortest notice," Signor Buffalino might say as a concise advertisement. He is a man of commercial method, for he sent the newspaper ten francs for printing his letter.

The Pope and the Kaiser have fallen out. The dispute relates to the appointment of bishops and clergy in Alsace. Papal appointments, it seems, are apt to fall on ecclesiastics who are not welcome to the German authorities in that province. The Pope shows no disposition to give way, and so far the Kaiser has contented himself with a very mild protest.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.

The Eton and Harrow match drew the usual smart crowd to Lord's Cricket Ground on Friday and Saturday of last week. Eton started the game, but its batting was not brilliant at first, half the wickets falling in under an hour and a half for fifty-two runs. The last five wickets, however, produced 187, the innings closing with 239 credited to the team. Harrow replied that day with 181, and four men yet to bat. On the second day Harrow increased its first-innings score to 376. Eton's second innings produced only 140, and Harrow won the match by ten wickets.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB MEET.

The meet of the Four-in-Hand Club at the Magazine, Hyde Park, on Monday was of special interest as the coaches did not meet last year, owing to the fact that so many members of the club were on active service in South Africa. Colonel Alfred Somerset, driving three piebalds and a skewbald, was first on the ground, and he was closely followed by the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., with a team of browns. The Royal Artillery coach was under the charge of Captain H. E. Vallentin; the 1st Grenadier Guards' team was driven by Lieutenant Dennistoun; that of the Coldstream Guards by Captain Hawker, and that of the 2nd Life Guards by Captain Brinton. The Earl of Ancaster led the procession, the start for Hurlingham being made at about one o'clock.

HIGH-PRICED PORCELAIN VASES.

The splendid collection of old Chelsea porcelain formerly the property of Lord Henry Thynne was brought under the hammer at Messrs. Christie's on July 12. The long list of articles of *vertu* which have recently fetched very high prices received notable additions in lots thirty-five and thirty-six. The first-named, a pair of vases and covers of scroll form, each beautifully painted with four subjects of figures regaling, smoking, and dancing to a violin-player, were originally in the collection of the Countess of Carnarvon, and were knocked down to Mr. Harding for £3255. The following lot, a pair of vases and covers and a pair of beakers and covers of similar form and design, were bought by the same gentleman for £5400.



OLD CHELSEA PORCELAIN VASES AND BEAKERS,
SOLD FOR £5400.

Plymouth, Portland, and Queenstown. All other ports are unfortified; but the Scillies, Alderney, and Guernsey, together with the vessels in those ports, are to be considered proof against attack.

THE VIEW AT RICHMOND HILL.

Literary men and women have been eloquent during the last month on the claims of the Richmond Hill view. The advent of the builder has been denounced by lovers of the picturesque, of the historic, and of the sentimental. Literary associations with Pope, with Horace Walpole, with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu have been invoked against the threatened invasion of the villa. The common fate of the suburb has been deprecated for this particular spot, almost sacred, as Mr. George Meredith says, to the patriotic Londoner. County councils and local boards have been invited to intervene, and, in one or two cases, seem to be nothing loth to respond to the invitation. We need not venture on a prediction, but may content ourselves by expressing a hope that all these efforts may be instrumental in averting from this particular patch of land the doom with which it has been threatened.

THE HOLY YEAR.

Last year in Rome was the Holy Year, the Year of Jubilee proclaimed at the close of the century by Leo XIII. The jubilee system of the Roman Catholic Church is a little difficult of mastery for outsiders, and the very word "Indulgence" in the English vernacular has proved a pitfall, not merely for the unwary, but even for attentive onlookers like the late Mr. Ruskin. The Papal Jubilee is in some sort a spiritualised version of the Jewish Jubilee of Pre-Christian times. The material debts then wiped out are represented to-day by the debt of punishment due, according to the Roman system, to sin the guilt of which has been already repented of and forgiven. Lest geographical limitations should hamper the distribution of what is called "the Treasury of the Church," the Jubilee proper in Rome is followed by its promulgation in the rest of Christendom. In London the prescribed visits to churches are now being made by "the faithful," and the prescribed prayers said. Of more picturesque countries than ours the same story may be told, and is, in fact, so told by one of our Artists, who has taken notes in three of the cities of Italy.

IMPERIAL SEALS LOOTED FROM PEKING.

The Chinese Imperial Seals, four of which we illustrate on another page, number eleven in all. They were sold in Tientsin last November to the present owner, Mr. Edward O'Brien, by a Russian officer, who kept the solid gold boxes in which the seals were encased. The two small seals were used on paintings made by the Empress Dowager. All the seals are of jade-stone and beautifully carved, some with phoenixes and others with dragons, the phoenix representing the Empress Dowager, and the dragon the Emperor. After the death of a sovereign in China, all his (or her) seals are kept in the Temple of Ancestral Worship, where at the present time an immense number can be seen. When they are placed in this temple, their history is written on the sides of them, and the yellow silken cords, or tassels, attached to the seals are tied in sacred knots by the Chief Lama Biganbet (or Bishop) of Buddhism in Peking.

EXTENSION OF ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.

The Far West of London has taken another step forward to remove the reproach against our metropolis that it lags behind its rivals in facilities for locomotion. The extension in the Electric Overhead Tramways inaugurated the other day from Acton to Hounslow adds eight miles to the tracks thus rapidly covered, and is the forerunner of further lines, which will multiply the distance more than threefold. From the Bank to Shepherd's Bush is a twopenny fare, and another twopenny takes the passenger on to Kew. Proportionately easy access is

in view for visitors to Richmond, Hampden Court, and Kingston. At a luncheon given by the London United Tramways Company in honour of the inauguration on July 10, Mr. Balfour made a happy little speech upon the tramway movement as a factor of social reform.

THE NEWEST AIR-SHIP.

M. Santos Dumont made in Paris on Saturday last week a trip in his navigable air-ship, "Santos Dumont V." The success of the trial trip the day before encouraged him to believe that he might win on the succeeding day the £4000 prize offered, under certain conditions, by M. Deutsch to air-navigators. Two of these conditions are that the prescribed journey should be accomplished within half an hour, and that the balloon should descend at its starting-point. The Eiffel Tower was reached to time, in thirteen minutes, but the return journey was delayed by a side wind and by the breaking of the apparatus. Ballast had to be sacrificed, and the descent made where best it could—in Baron de Rothschild's park. There the balloon caught in some trees, which the sympathetic owner offered to have cut to pieces if necessary. But the necessity did not exist. M. Santos Dumont brought his balloon to earth, and was delighted to find that it had suffered no damage.

THE FÊTE AT SHEEN HOUSE.

A fête in aid of a number of charities was opened one day last week at Sheen House Club by Princess Löwenstein-Wertheim. Tents, some twenty in number, were placed inside the cycle-track, and a profuse display of flags caught whatever little breeze was blowing when the Princess performed the opening ceremony. Miss Violet Firth presented the usual bouquet, and among the other ladies present were Lady Maud Wibraham, Lady Brackenbury, Lady Bective, and the Dowager Countess of Clifton. Viscountess Maitland performed the opening ceremony on the second day, when the attractions of the show again drew together a gay company. The proceeds benefit no fewer than twenty-three charities.

ANNUAL DISPLAY OF THE LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY.

The annual display of the Life-Saving Society was held at the Bathing Pond, Highgate, on July 13, before a



OLD CHELSEA PORCELAIN VASE,
SOLD WITH ITS COMPANION FOR £3255.

One of the vases is finely painted with four subjects of children, representing the Elements; the other with children representing the Seasons. The beakers are painted with four allegorical subjects of children.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The more than usual interest taken this year in the Naval Manœuvres is but one of the signs of war-time. At Portsmouth, Plymouth, Portland, and elsewhere the preparations prior to mobilisation were watched by curious crowds. At Devonport, onlookers could not



OLD CHELSEA PORCELAIN VASE,
SOLD WITH ITS COMPANION FOR £3255.

very large assembly of people. Eight teams of boys from the Friern, St. John's Road, and Coburg Road board schools demonstrated with great precision the system of life-saving and resuscitation now in vogue. The National Challenge Shield for graceful diving from heights of three, fifteen, and thirty feet was won by Mr. R. T. Serrans, who defeated last year's champion by a point or two. A water-polo match was one of the attractions of the day, and that and some fine high diving by Mr. Charles Mauritz and Mr. Otto Hagborg, of the Swedish Society, perhaps created the greatest interest. The Hornsey Swimming Club held its quarter-mile championship race on the same occasion.



THE ORDINARY SEAL OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.
"Nourish your mind and nurse your spirits."—Translation of Inscription.



IMPRESSION OF THE
YI-KUN SEAL.



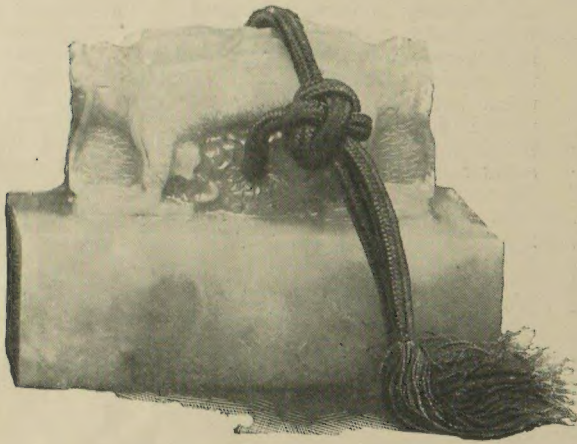
IMPRESSION OF THE
LI CHING COURT SEAL.



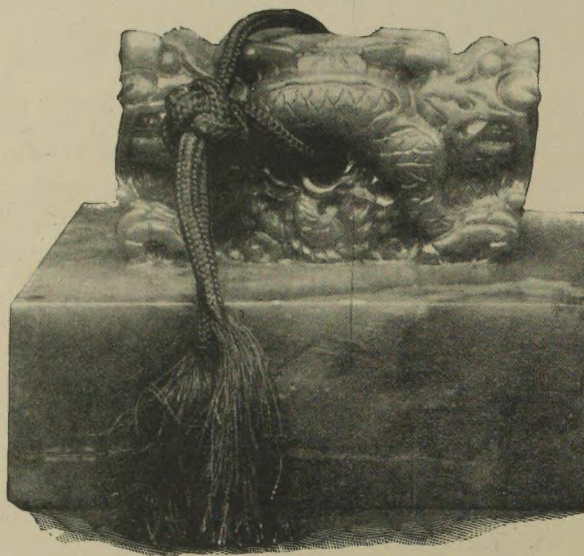
IMPRESSION OF THE EMPEROR'S
YI-KUN SEAL.



IMPRESSION OF THE EMPRESS
DOWAGER'S ORDINARY SEAL.



YI-KUN PALACE SEAL.
Written by the Imperial hand in the Yi-Kun Palace.—Translation of Inscription.

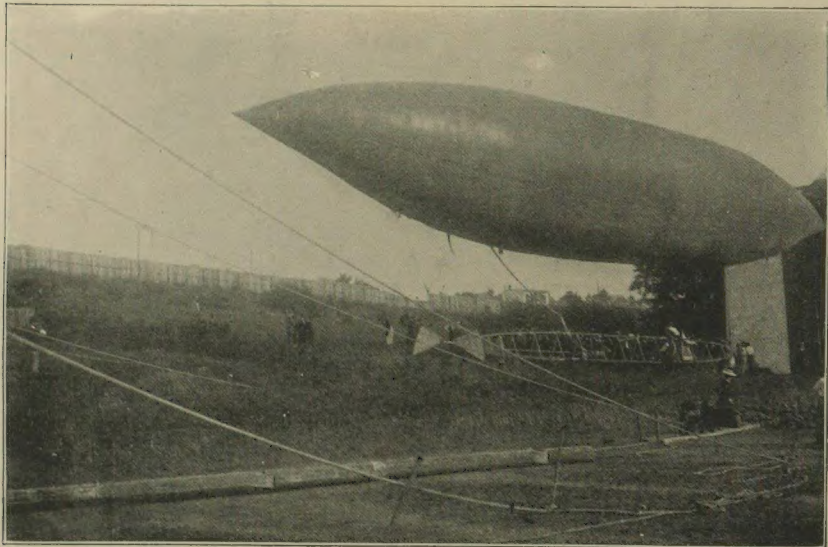


EMPEROR'S YI-KUN PALACE SEAL.
Perused by the Imperial eye in the Yi-Kun Palace.—Translation of Inscription.

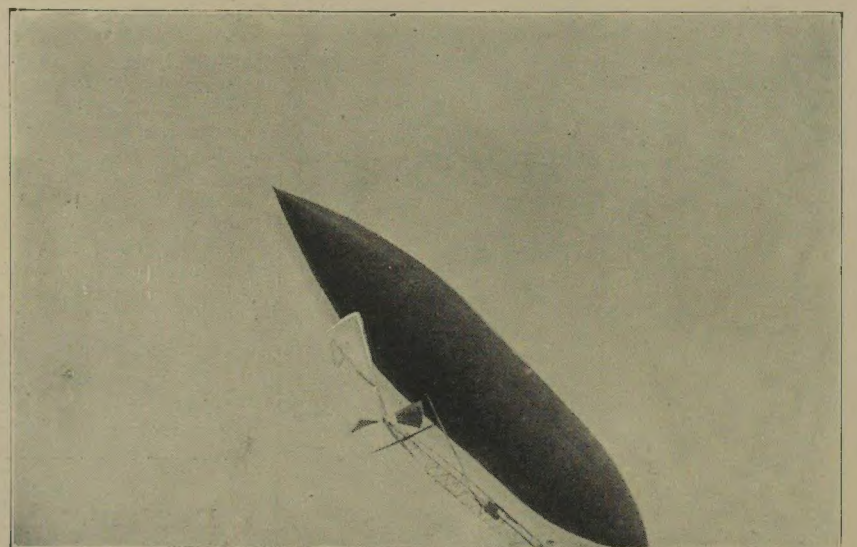


LI CHING COURT SEAL.
Written by the Imperial hand in the Li Ching Court.—Translation of Inscription.

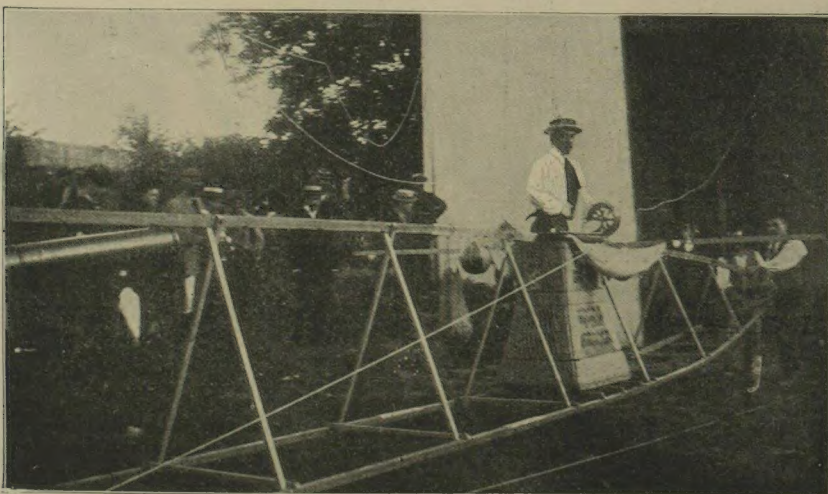
IMPERIAL SEALS LOOTED FROM PEKING.



THE AIR-SHIP BEFORE THE ASCENT.



THE ASCENT OF THE "SANTOS DUMONT V."



THE CAR FROM WHICH THE AÉRONAUT MANIPULATES THE MACHINE.



THE AIR-SHIP CAUGHT IN THE TREES IN BARON ROTHSCHILD'S PARK.

THE SUCCESSFUL TRIALS IN PARIS OF THE AIR-SHIP "SANTOS DUMONT V."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NILSSON, PARIS.

The Would-be-Goods.

ALBERT'S UNCLE'S GRANDMOTHER.

By E. NESBIT.



Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.

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THE shadow of the termination now descended in sable thunder-clouds upon our devoted nobbs. As Albert's uncle said, "School now gaped for its prey." In a very short space of time we should be wending our way back to Blackheath, and all the variegated delightfulnesses of the country would soon be only preserved in memory's faded flowers. (I don't care for that way of writing very much. It would be an awful swat to keep it up—looking out the words and all that.)

To speak in the language of everyday life—our holiday was jolly nearly up. We had had a ripping time, but it was all but over. We really did feel sorry, though of course it was rather decent to think of getting back to father, and being able to tell the other chaps about our raft and the dam and the Tower of Mystery, and things like that.

When but a brief time was left to us, Oswald and Dickie met by chance in an apple-tree. (That sounds like "consequences," but it is mere truthfulness.) Dickie said—

"Only four more days."

Oswald said "Yes."

"There's one thing," Dickie said—"that beastly Society. We don't want that smarming all over everything when we get home. We ought to dissolve it before we leave here."

The following dialogue now took place—

O S W A L D : "Right you are. I always said it was piffing rot."

D I C K I E : "So do I."

O S W A L D : "Let's call a council. But don't forget we've jolly well got to put our foot down."

Dickie assented, and the dialogue concluded with apples.

The council when called was in but low spirits. This made Oswald and Dickie's task easier. When people are sunk in gloomy despair about one thing they will agree to almost anything about something else. (Remarks like this are called philosophic generalisations, Albert's uncle says.) Oswald began by saying—

"We've tried the Society for being good in—and perhaps it's done us good. But now the time has come for each of us to be good or bad on his own hook, without hanging on to the others."

"The race is run by one and one, But never by two and two."

the Dentist said. The others said nothing. Oswald went on: "I move that we chuck—I

mean dissolve—the Would-be-Goods Society. It's appointed task is done. If it's not well done, that's *its* fault, and not ours."

Dickie said, "Hear, hear; I second this prop."

The Unexpected Dentist said, "I third it: at first I thought it would help; but afterwards I saw it only made you want to be naughty just because you were a Would-be-Good."

Oswald owns he was surprised. We put it to the vote at once, so as not to let Denny cool. H. O. and Noël and Alice voted with us. So Daisy and Dora were what is called a hopeless minority. We tried to cheer their hopelessness by letting them read the things out of the Golden Deed Book aloud. Noël hid his face in the straw so that we should not see the faces he made while he made poetry instead of listening; and when the Would-

be-Goods was by vote dissolved for ever, he sat up, with straws in his hair, and said—

THE EPITAPH.

"The Would-be-Goods are dead and gone,
But not the golden deeds they have done.
These will remain upon Glory's page,
To be an example to every age;
And by this we have got to know
How to be good upon our ow N.

N. is for Noël. That makes the rhyme and the sense both right. O. W. N.—Own. Do you see?"

We saw it, and said so, and the gentle poet was satisfied.

And the council broke up. Oswald felt that a weight had been lifted from his expanding chest, and it is curious

that he never felt so inclined to be good and a model youth as he did then.

As we went down the ladder out of the loft he said—

"There's one thing we ought to do, though, before we go home. We ought to find Albert's uncle's long-lost grandmother for him."

Alice's heart beat true and steadfast. She said: "That's just exactly what Noël and I were saying this morning. Look out, Oswald, you wretch; you're kicking chaff into my eyes." She was going down the ladder under me.

Oswald's young sister's thoughtful remark ended in another council. But not in the straw-loft. We decided to have a quite new place, and disregarded H. O.'s idea of the dairy, and Noël's of the cellars. We had the new council on the secret staircase, and there we settled exactly what we ought to do. This is the same thing, if you really wish to be good, as what you are going to do. It was a very interesting council, and when it was over, Oswald was so pleased to think that the Would-be-Goods was unrecoverably dead, that he gave Denny and Noël, who were sitting on the step below him, a good-humoured, playful, gentle, loving, brotherly shove, and said: "Get along down: it's tea-time!"

No reader who understands justice and the real rightness of things, and who is to blame for what, will ever think it could have been Oswald's fault that the two other boys got along down by rolling over and over each other, and bursting the door at the bottom of the stairs open by their revolving bodies.



The door burst open, and the impetuous bodies of Noël and Denny rolled out of it into Mrs. Pettigrew and upset her and the tea-tray.

And I should like to know whose fault it was that Mrs. Pettigrew was just on the other side of that door at that very minute? The door burst open, and the impetuous bodies of Noël and Denny rolled out of it into Mrs. Pettigrew, and upset her and the tea-tray. Both revolving boys were soaked with tea and milk, and there were one or two cups and things smashed. Mrs. Pettigrew was knocked over, but none of her bones were broken. Noël and Denny were going to be sent to bed—but Oswald said it was all his fault. He really did this to give the others a chance of doing a refined golden deed by speaking the truth and saying it was *not* his fault. But you cannot really count on anyone. They did not say anything, but only rubbed the lumps on their late-revolving heads. So it was bed for Oswald, and he felt the injustice hard.

But he sat up in bed and read "The Last of the Mohicans," and then he began to think. When Oswald really thinks he almost always thinks of something. He thought of something now, and it was miles better than the idea we had decided on in the secret staircase—of advertising in the *Kentish Mercury*, and saying if Albert's uncle's long-lost grandmother would call at the Moat House she might hear of something much to her advantage.

What Oswald thought of was, that if we went to Hazelbridge and asked Mr. B. Munn, Grocer, that drove us home in the cart with the horse that liked the wrong end of the whip best, he would know who the lady was in the red hat and red wheels that paid him to drive us home that Canterbury night. He must have been paid, of course; for even grocers are not generous enough to drive perfect strangers—and five of them, too—about the country for nothing.

Thus we may learn that even unjustness, and sending the wrong people to bed, may bear useful fruit; which ought to be a great comfort to everyone when they are unfairly treated. Only it most likely won't be. For if Oswald's brothers and sisters had nobly stood by him as he expected, he would not have had the solitude reflections that led to the great scheme for finding the grandmother.

Of course, when the others came up to roost, they all came and squatted on Oswald's bed and said how sorry they were. He wavered their apologies with noble dignity, because there wasn't much time, and said he had an idea that would knock the council's plan into a cocked hat. But he would not tell them what it was. He made them wait till next morning. This was not sulks, but kind feeling. He wanted them to have something else to think of besides the way they hadn't stood by him in the bursting of the secret staircase door and the tea-tray and the milk.

Next morning Oswald kindly explained to the others, and asked who would volunteer for a forced march to Hazelbridge. The word "volunteer" cost the young Oswald a pang, as soon as he had said it, but I hope he can bear pangs with any man living.

"And mind," he added, hiding the pang under a general-like severeness, "I won't have anyone in the expedition who has anything in his shoes except his feet."

This could not have been put more delicately and decently. But Oswald is often misunderstood. Even Alice said it was unkind to throw the peas up at Denny. When this little unpleasantness had passed away (it was some time, because Daisy cried, and Dora said "There now, Oswald!") there were seven volunteers, which, with Oswald, made eight, and was, indeed, all of us. There were no cockleshells or tape-sandals or staves or scrips, or anything romantic and pious about the eight persons who set out for Hazelbridge that morning, more earnestly wishful to be good and deedful—at least, Oswald, I know, was—than ever they had been in the days of the beastly Would-be-Goods Society. It was a fine day. Either it was fine nearly all last summer, which is how Oswald remembers it, or else nearly all the interesting things we did came on fine days.

With hearts light and gay, and no peas in anyone's shoes, the walk to Hazelbridge was perseveringly conducted. We took our lunch with us, and the dear dogs. Afterwards we wished, for a time, that we had left one of them at home. But they did so want to come, all of them, and Hazelbridge is not nearly as far as Canterbury really, so even Martha was allowed to put on her things—I mean her collar—and come with us. She walks slowly; but we had all day before us, so there was no extra hurry.

At Hazelbridge we went into Mr. Munn's, grocer's, shop and asked for gingerbeer to drink. They gave it us, but they seemed surprised at us wanting to drink it there, and the glass was warm; it had just been washed. We only did it really so as to get into conversation with B. Munn, grocer, and extract information without rousing suspicion. You cannot be too careful.

However, when we had said it was first-class gingerbeer, and paid for it, we found it not so easy to extract anything from B. Munn, grocer, and there was an anxious silence while he fiddled about among the tinned meats and sauce-bottles behind the counter, with a fringe of hobnailed boots hanging over his head.

H. O. spoke suddenly. He is like the sort of person who rushes in where angels fear to tread, as Denny says. (I do not say what sort of person that is.) He said—

"I say. You remember driving us home that day? Who paid for the cart?"

Of course B. Munn, grocer, was not such a nincompoop (I like that word: it means so many people I know) as to say right off. He said—

"I was paid all right, young gentleman. Don't you terrify yourself."

People in Kent say terrify when they mean worry.

So then Dora shoved in a gentle oar. She said—

"We want to know the kind lady's name and address, so that we can write and thank her for being so jolly that day."

B. Munn, grocer, muttered something about the lady's address being goods he was often asked for. Alice said—

"But do tell us. We forgot to ask her. She's a near relation of a second-hand uncle of ours, and I do so want to thank her properly. And if you've got any

extra strong peppermints at a penny an ounce, we should like a quarter of a pound.

This was a master-stroke. While he was weighing out the peppermints his heart got soft, and just as he was twisting up the corners of the paper bag Dora said, "What lovely fat peppermints! Do tell us."

And B. Munn's heart was now quite melted, and he said—

"It's Miss Ashleigh—and she lives at the Cedars, about a mile down the Maidstone Road."

We thanked him, and Alice paid for the peppermints. Oswald was a little anxious when she ordered such a lot, but she and Noël had got the money all right—and when we were outside on Hazelbridge Green (a good deal of it is gravel really) we stood and looked at each other.

Then Dora said—

"Let's go home and write a beautiful letter, and all sign it."

Oswald looked at the others. Writing is all very well, but it's such a beastly long time to wait for anything to happen afterwards.

The intelligent Alice divined his thoughts, and the Dentist divined hers. He is not clever enough yet to divine Oswald's, and the two said together—

"Why not go and see her?"

"She *did* say she would like to see us again some day," Dora replied. So, after we had argued a little about it, we went.

And before we had gone a hundred yards down the dusty road Martha began to make us wish with all our hearts we had not let her come. She began to limp, just as a pilgrim who I will not name did when he had the split peas in his silly palmering shoes.

So we called a halt and looked at her feet. One of them was quite swollen and red. Bulldogs almost always have something the matter with their feet, and it always comes on when least required. They are not the right breed for emergencies.

There was nothing for it but to take it in turns to carry her. She is very stout, and you have no idea how heavy she is. A half-hearted, unadventurous person (I name no names, but Oswald, Alice, Noël, H. O., Dickie, Daisy, and Denny will understand me), said why not go straight home and come another day, without Martha? But the rest agreed with Oswald when he said it was only a mile, and perhaps we might get a lift home with the poor invalid. Martha was very grateful to us for our kindness. She put her fat white arms round the person's neck who happened to be carrying her. She is very affectionate—but by holding her very close to you, you can keep her from kissing your face all the time. As Alice said, "Bulldogs do give you such large, wet, pink kisses."

A mile is a good way when you have to take your turn at carrying Martha.

At last we came to a hedge with a ditch in front of it and chains swinging from posts to keep people off the grass and out of the ditch, and a gate with "The Cedars" on it in gold letters—all very neat and tidy, and showing plainly that more than one gardener was kept. There we stopped, and Alice put down Martha, and, grunting with exhaustion, said—

"Look here, Dora and Daisy and I don't believe a bit that it's his grandmother. I'm sure Dora was right, and it's only his horrid sweetheart. I feel it in my bones. Now don't you really think we'd better chuck it? We're sure to catch it for interfering. We always do."

"The cross of true love never did come smooth," said the Dentist. "We ought to help him to bear his cross."

"But if we find her for him, and she's not his grandmother, he'll *marry* her," Dickie said in tones of gloominess and despair.

Oswald felt the same, but he said: "Never mind. We should all hate it; but perhaps Albert's uncle *might* like it. You can never tell. If you want to do a really unselfish action, and no kid, now's your time, my late Would-be-Goods."

No one had the face to say right out that they didn't want to be unselfish. But it was with sad hearts that the unselfish seekers opened the long gate and went up the gravel drive between the rhododendrons and other shrubberies towards the house.

I think I have explained to you before that the eldest son of anybody is called the Representative of the Family, if his father isn't there. This was why Oswald now took the lead. When we got to the last turn of the drive, it was settled that the others were to ambush themselves noiselessly in the rhododendrons, and Oswald was to go on alone and ask at the house for the grandmother from India—I mean Miss Ashleigh.

So he did; but when he got to the front of the house, and saw how neat the flower-beds were with red geraniums, and the windows all bright and speckless with muslin blinds and brass rods, and a green parrot in a cage in the porch, and the doorstep, newly whitened, lying clean and untrodden in the sunshine, he stood still and thought of his boots, and how dusty the roads were, and wished he had not gone into the farmyard after eggs before starting that morning. As he stood there in anxious uncertainty, he heard a low voice among the bushes. It said: "Hist! Oswald—here!" And it was the voice of Alice.

So he went back to the others among the shrubs, and they all crowded round their leader, full of impartable news.

"She's not in the house—she's *here*!" Alice said in a low whisper that seemed nearly all s's. "Close by. She went past just this minute—with a gentleman."

"And they're sitting on a seat under a tree on a little lawn, and she's got her head on his shoulder, and he's holding her hand. I never saw anyone look so silly in all my born," Dickie said.

"It's sickening," Denny said, trying to look very manly, with his legs wide apart.

"I don't know," Oswald whispered. "I suppose it wasn't Albert's uncle."

"Not much," Dickie briefly replied.

"Then don't you see it's all right. If she's going on like that with this other fellow she'll want to marry *him*,

and Albert's uncle is safe. And we've really done an unselfish action without having to suffer for it afterwards." With a stealthy movement Oswald rubbed his hands as he spoke in real joyfulness.

We decided that we had better bunk unnoticed. But we had reckoned without Martha. She had strolled off limping, to look about her a bit in the shrubbery.

"Where's Martha?" Dora suddenly said.

"She went that way," pointingly remarked H. O.

"Then fetch her back, you young duffer. What did you let her go for?" Oswald said. "And look sharp! Don't make a row."

He went. A minute later we heard a hoarse squeak from Martha, the one she always gives when suddenly collared from behind, and a little squeal in a ladylike voice, and a man saying "Hullo," and then we knew that H. O. had once more rushed in where angels might have thought twice about it. We hurried to the fatal spot, but it was too late. We were just in time to hear H. O. say—

"I'm sorry if she frightened you. But we've been looking for you. Are you Albert's uncle's long-lost grandmother?"

"No," said our lady unhesitatingly.

It seemed vain to add seven more agitated actors to the scene now going on. We stood still. The man was standing up. He was a clergyman, and I found out afterwards he was the nicest we ever knew except our own Mr. Bristow at Lewisham, who is now a Canon or a Dean, or something grand that no one ever sees. At present I did not like him. He said, "No—this lady is nobody's grandmother. May I ask in return how long it is since you escaped from the lunatic asylum, my poor child, and where your keeper is?"

H. O. took no notice of this at all except to say: "I think you are very rude, and not at all funny, if you think you are."

The lady said: "My dear, I remember you now perfectly. How are all the others? And are you pilgrims again to-day?"

H. O. does not always answer questions. He turned to the man and said—

"Are you going to marry the lady?"

"Margaret," said the clergyman, "I never thought it would come to this: he asks me my intentions!"

"If you *are*," said H. O., "it's all right. Because if you do, Albert's uncle can't—at least, not till you're dead. And we don't want him to."

"Flattering, upon my word," said the clergyman, putting on a deep frown. "Shall I call him out, Margaret, for his poor opinion of you, or shall I send for the police?"

Alice now saw that H. O., though firm, was getting muddled and rather scared. She broke cover and sprang into the middle of the scene.

"Don't let him rag H. O. any more," she said; "it's all our faults. You see, Albert's uncle was so anxious to find you, we thought you might be his long-lost heiress sister or his old nurse, who alone knew the secret of his birth, or something; and we asked him, and he said you were his long-lost grandmother he had known in India. And we thought that must be a mistake, and that really you were his long-lost sweetheart. And we tried to do a really unselfish act—and find you for him. Because we don't want him to be married at all."

"It isn't because we don't like *you*," Oswald cut in, now emerging from the bushes, "and if he must marry we'd sooner it was you than anyone. Really we would."

"A generous concession, Margaret," the strange clergyman uttered, "most generous. But the plot thickens. It's almost pea-soup-like now. One or two points clamour for explanation. Who are these visitors of yours? Why this Red Indian method of paying morning calls? Why the lurking attitude of the rest of the tribe, which I now discern among the undergrowth? Won't you ask the rest of the tribe to come out and join the glad throng?"

Then I liked him better. I always like people who know the same songs we do—and books and tunes and things.

The others came out. The young lady looked very uncomfy, and partly as if she was going to cry. But she couldn't help laughing, too, as more and more of us came out.

"And who," the clergyman went on, "who in Fortune's name is Albert? And who is his uncle? And what have they or you to do in this *galère*—I mean garden?"

We all felt rather silly, and I don't think I ever felt more than then what an awful lot there were of us.

"Three years' absence in Calcutta and elsewhere may explain my ignorance of these details—but still—"

"I think we'd better go," said Dora. "I'm sorry if we've done anything rude or wrong. We didn't mean to. Good-bye. I hope you'll be happy with the gentleman, I'm sure."

"I *hope* so too," said Noël, and I know he was thinking how much nicer Albert's uncle was. We turned to go. The lady had been very silent compared with what she was when she pretended to show us Canterbury. But now she seemed to shake off some dreamy silliness, and caught hold of Dora by the shoulder.

"No, dear, no," she said, "it's all right—and you must have some tea—we'll have it on the lawn. John—don't tease them any more: Albert's uncle is the gentleman I told you about. And, my dear children, this is my brother that I haven't seen for three years."

"Then he's a long-lost too?" said H. O.

The lady said "Not now," and smiled at him. And the rest of us were dumb with confounding emotions. Oswald was particularly dumb. He might have known it was her brother—because in rotten grown-up books if a girl kisses a man in a shrubbery that is not the man you think she's in love with; it always turns out to be a brother, though generally the disgrace of the family, and not a respectable chaplain from Calcutta.

The lady now turned to her reverend and surprising brother, and said: "John, go and tell them we'll have tea on the lawn."

When he was gone, she stood quite still a minute; then she said: "I'm going to tell you something, but I

want to put you on your honour not to talk about it to other people. You see, it isn't everyone I would tell about it. He—Albert's uncle, I mean—has told me a lot about you, and I know I can trust you."

We said "Yes," Oswald with a brooding sentiment of knowing all too well what was coming next.

The lady then said: "Though I am not Albert's uncle's grandmother, I did know him in India once, and we were going to be married, but we had a—a—misunderstanding."

"Quarrel?" } said Noël and H. O. at once.
"Row?" }

"Well, yes—a quarrel, and he went away. He was in the Navy then. And then—well, we were both sorry; but, well—anyway—when his ship came back we'd gone to Constantinople and then to England, and he couldn't find us; and he says he's been looking for me ever since."

"Not you for him?" said Noël.

"Well—perhaps," said the lady.

And the girls said "Ah!" with deep interest. The

if they wanted a new aunt she would do her best to give satisfaction in the new situation. And Alice thought of the Murdstone aunt belonging to Daisy and Denny, and how awful it would have been if Albert's uncle had married *her*. And she decided, she told me afterwards, that we might think ourselves jolly lucky it was no worse.

Then the lady led Oswald aside, pretending to show him the parrot which he had explored thoroughly before, and told him she was not like some people in books. When she was married she would never try to separate her husband from his bachelor friends—she only wanted them to be her friends as well.

Then there was tea, and thus all ended in amicableness, and the Reverend and Friendly drove us home in a wagonette. But for Martha we shouldn't have had tea or explanations, or lift, or anything, so we honoured her and did not mind her being so heavy and walking up and down constantly on our laps as we drove home.

And that is all the story of the long-lost grandmother

Mrs. Pettigrew *cried* when we went away. I never was so astonished in my life. She made each of the girls a fat red pincushion like a heart, and each of us boys had a knife bought out of the housekeeping (I mean housekeeper's own) money.

Bill Simpkins is happy as sub-under gardener to Albert's uncle's lady's mother. They do keep three gardeners—I knew they did; and our tramp still earns enough to sleep well on from our dear old pig-man.

Our last three days were entirely filled up with visits of farewell sympathy to all our many friends who were so sorry to lose us. We promised to come and see them next year. I hope we shall.

Denny and Daisy went back to live with their father at Forest Hill. I don't think they will ever be again the victims of the Murdstone aunt—who is really a great-aunt, and about twice as much in the autumn of her days as our new Albert's uncle's aunt. I think they plucked up spirit enough to tell their father they didn't like her—which they'd never thought of doing before. Our own robber says their holidays in the country did them both



"Margaret," the strange clergyman uttered, "who are these strange visitors of yours?"

lady went on more quickly: "And then I found you, and then he found me—oh, more than ten days ago!—and now I must break it to you. Try to bear up—"

She stopped. The branches crackled, and Albert's uncle was in our midst. He took off his hat. "Excuse my tearing my hair," he said to the lady, "but has the pack really hunted you down?"

"It's all right," she said, and when she looked at him she got miles prettier quite suddenly. "I was just breaking to them—"

"Don't take that proud privilege from me," he said. "Kiddies, allow me to present you to the future Mrs. Albert's Uncle—or shall we say Albert's new aunt?"

There was a good deal of explaining done before tea—about how we got here, I mean, and why—but after the first bitterness of disappointment we felt not nearly so sorry as we had expected to. For Albert's uncle's lady was very jolly to us, and her brother was awfully decent, and showed us a lot of first-class native curiosities and things, unpacking them on purpose; skins of beasts and beads and brass things and shells from different savage lands, besides India, and the lady told the girls that she hoped they would like her as much as she liked them, and

and Albert's uncle. I am afraid it is rather dull; but it was very important (to him), so I felt it ought to be narrated. Stories about lovers and getting married are generally slow. I like a love-story where the hero parts with the girl at the garden-gate in the gloaming, and goes off and has adventures, and you don't see her any more till he comes home to marry her at the end of the book. And I suppose people have to marry. Albert's uncle is awfully old—more than thirty; and the lady is advanced in years—twenty-six next Christmas. They are to be married then. The girls are to be bridesmaids in white frocks with fur. This quite consoles them. If Oswald repines sometimes, he hides it. What's the use? We all have to meet our fell Destiny, and Albert's uncle is not extirpated from this awful law.

Now the finding of the long-lost was the very last thing we did for the sake of its being a noble act; so that is the end of the Would-be-Goods, and there are no more chapters after this. But Oswald hates books that finish up without telling you the things you might want to know about the people in the book. So here goes.

We went home to the beautiful Blackheath House; it seemed very stately and mansion-like, after the Moat House, and everyone was most frightfully pleased to see us.

a great deal of good, and he says us Bastables have certainly taught Daisy and Denny the rudiments of the art of making home happy. I believe they have thought of several quite new naughty things entirely on their own, and done them, too, since they came back from the Moat House.

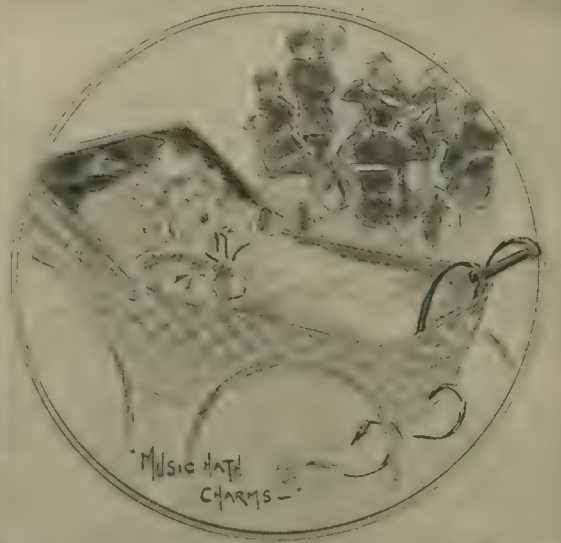
I wish you didn't grow up so quickly. Oswald can see that ere long he will be too old for the kind of games we can all play, and he feels grown-upness creeping invidiously upon him. But enough of this.

And now, gentle reader, farewell. If anything in these chronicles of the Would-be-Goods should make you wish to try to be good yourself, the author will be very glad, of course; but take my advice, and don't make a society for trying in. It is much easier without it.

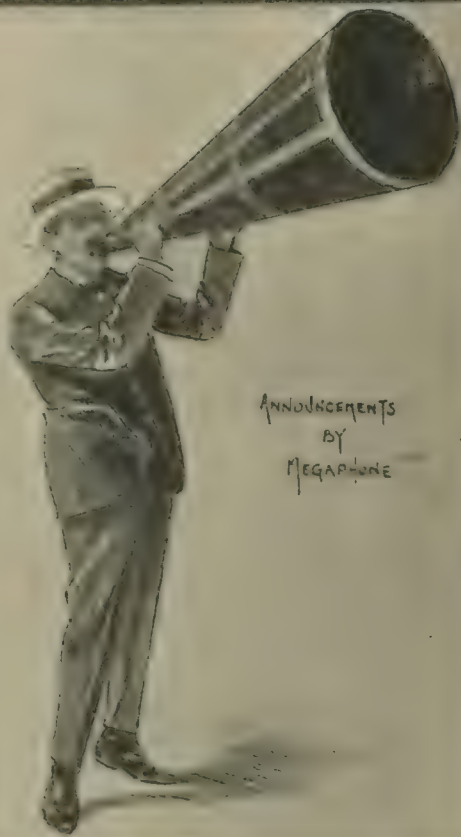
And do try to forget that Oswald has another name besides Bastable. The one beginning with C, I mean. Perhaps you have not noticed what it was. If so, don't look back for it. It is a name no manly boy would like to be called by, if he spoke the truth. Oswald is said to be a very manly boy, and he despises that name, and will never give it to his own son when he has one. Not if a rich relative offered to leave him an immense fortune if he did. Oswald would still be firm. He would, on the honour of the House of Bastable.

THE END.

THE LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY AT HIGHGATE, JULY 13.



COMPETITION IN HIGH DIVING



ANNOUNCEMENTS BY MEGAPHONE



NATIONAL BACK STROKE COMPETITION



PRIZE - WINNERS AT THE BISLEY RIFLE MEETING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



THE WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD: ETON COLLEGE TEAM.

THE WINNER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PRIZE: SERGEANT J. WELCH.

THE WINNERS OF THE "BRINSFAD" CHALLENGE SHIELD: MEN OF H.M.S. "CAMBRIDGE."

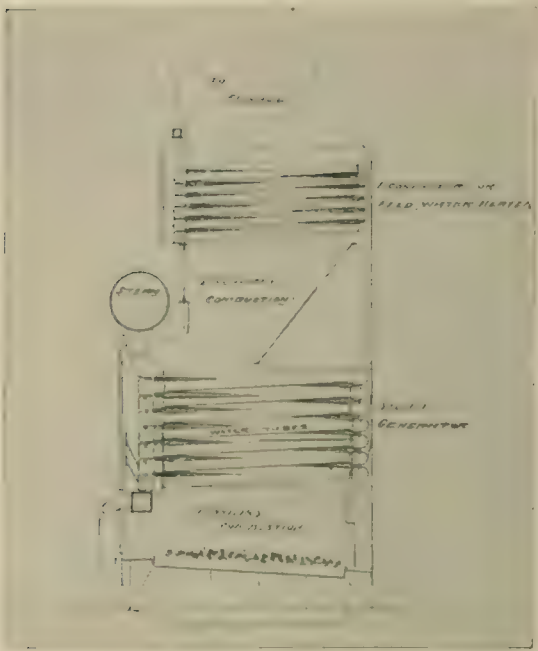
THE WINNER OF THE HALFORD MEMORIAL CHALLENGE CUP: CAPTAIN J. G. MAYNE.

THE WINNER OF THE WALDEGRAVE PRIZE: SIR HENRY THYNNE, C.B.

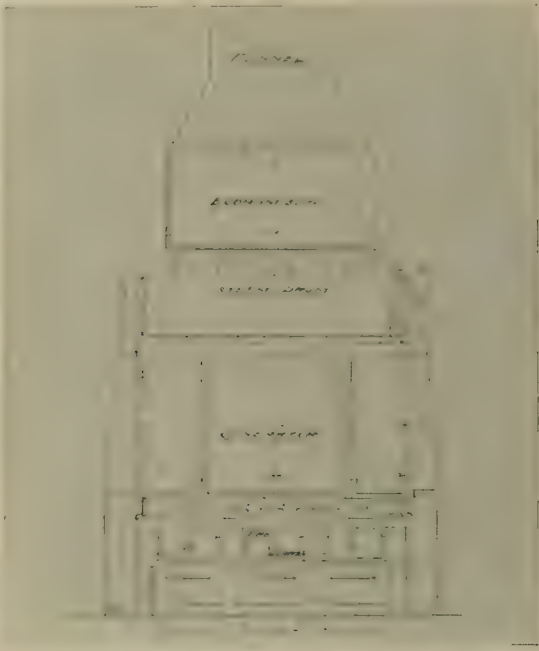
THE WINNER OF THE WIMBLEDON CUP FOR MATCH RIFLE: DR. SELLARS.

THE WINNER OF THE ALBERT PRIZE: MAJOR G. C. GIBBS.

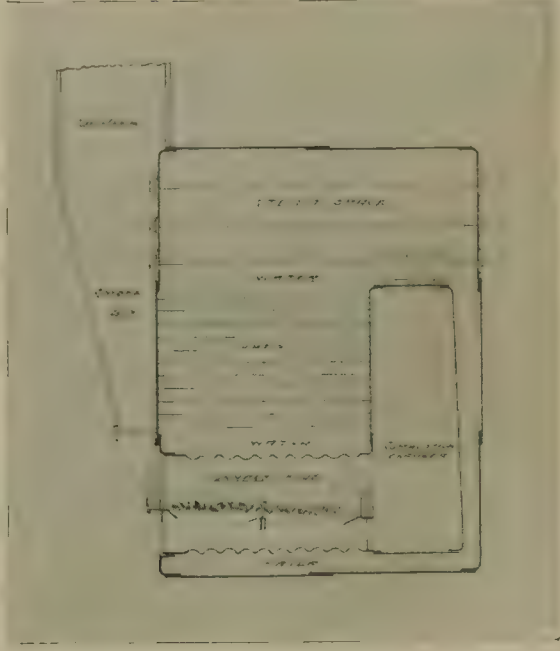
THE TEST-RACE BETWEEN THE "HYACINTH" AND THE "MINERVA."



THE BELLEVILLE BOILER: SECTIONAL VIEW.

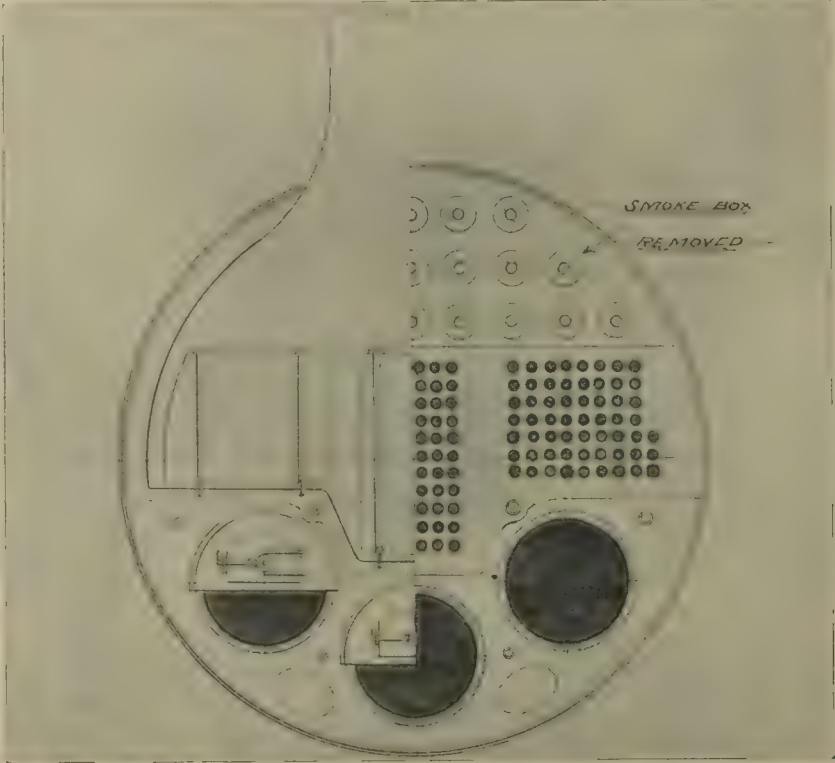


THE BELLEVILLE BOILER: FRONT VIEW.



THE SCOTCH OR TANK BOILER: SECTIONAL VIEW.

The test arranged by the Lords of the Admiralty for the purpose of deciding whether the much-discussed Belleville or the Scotch boiler is the better suited to our war-ships began on July 6, when the second-class cruisers *Hyacinth* and *Minerva* left Plymouth for Gibraltar. In order that the trial might be conclusive, the greatest care was taken that the vessels should start equally equipped in every detail. The bunkers of both were filled with hand-picked coal, as uniform in quality as possible. This had to be burnt out while the cruisers were moving at a speed of sixteen knots an hour, each vessel putting into Gibraltar when its supply was exhausted. Both had orders to recede there and race at full speed for Portsmouth. In the preliminary trials, which took place a short time ago, the *Hyacinth* behaved better, on the whole, than the *Minerva*. The latter vessel was launched from Chatham Dockyard in 1895, and is fitted with eight Scotch or tank boilers, of 9600 indicated horse-power, which weigh in all 557 tons; the *Hyacinth*, on the other hand, was launched at Glasgow as recently as 1898, and carries eighteen Belleville boilers, giving 10,000 indicated



THE SCOTCH OR TANK BOILER: FRONT VIEW

horse-power, and weighing 461½ tons. We have thus a saving of 95½ tons, which is available for more guns, fuel, etc. The tank, cylindrical, or Scotch boiler, as it is variously termed, has for its inveterate champion the Member for Gateshead. Doubtless there are some points in its favour: it is more reliable, easier to stoke, and far more economical in fuel than its rival. The Belleville; however, gives a greater indicated horse-power for less weight, and can get up steam in case of necessity in a comparatively short time—minutes instead of hours, as is the case with the tank pattern. In the event of accident, too, the Belleville claims an advantage, for should a boiler be put out of action, it means a loss of only one-eighteenth of the available power instead of one-eighth. It will probably surprise many people to learn that both boilers are tubular, the main difference being that in the tank pattern the fire passes through the tubes, and the water is outside; in the Belleville the water is in the tubes, and the flame plays upon them. A greater heating-surface is thus obtained, and the speed in getting up steam is materially increased. The accompanying diagrams make this clear.



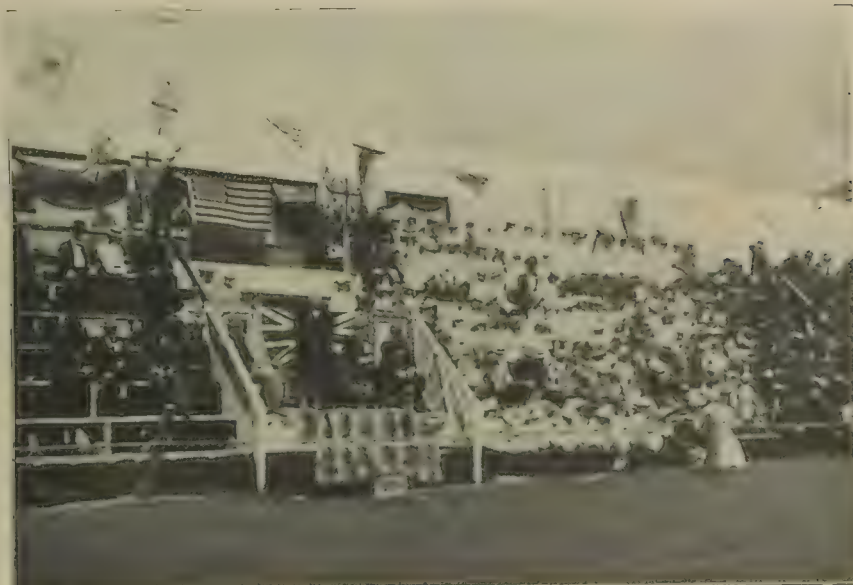
"HYACINTH" (Belleville Boilers).

"MINERVA" (Scotch Boilers).

THE SECOND-CLASS CRUISERS TAKING PART IN THE TRIAL.



FIRST AVENUE, OPPOSITE THE GRAND STAND.



COMMISSIONER J. H. ROSS DELIVERING HIS PATRIOTIC ADDRESS.

THE CELEBRATION OF VICTORIA DAY IN THE FARTHEST NORTH CITY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. SCENES IN DAWSON CITY, YUKON.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR H. J. WOODSIDE, DAWSON



Photo. Biograph Co.

THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY.



LORD ROTHSCHILD,
PRESENT AT THE INAUGURATION.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR MONTAGUE NELSON,
FIRST MAYOR OF EALING.



THE PROCESSION OF DECORATED CARS.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST COMPLETED SECTION OF ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS IN WEST LONDON.



THE ENGAGEMENT AT VLAKFONTEIN: THE DERBYSHIRES RETAKING THE GUNS AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The engagement at Vlakfontein, fifteen miles west of Nuanetsi, has given rise to much acrimonious discussion, as the Boers are alleged to have shot the British wounded during the action. Colonel Dixon's column was returning to camp when the Boers, who had set fire to the veldt, advanced under cover of the smoke and attacked the right rear of the column, capturing two guns, and killing most of the section in charge. The remainder of the force then came into action, and the Derbyshires were ordered to retake the guns. They did so brilliantly, the enemy being forced to retire at the point of the bayonet. It is stated that the enemy deliberately shot two British officers who refused to inform them how the guns were worked.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have so often commented upon the indifference of the French noblesse and aristocracy to the home politics of the Third Republic as to obviate the necessity of referring again to the subject. The few stragglers of the upper classes left behind in the exodus which began immediately after the Grand Prix have by this time rejoined the main bodies of the votaries of fashion either at the seaside or other resorts. If the intense heat, gregariousness, and acquired habit combined had not dictated their tardy flitting, the approach of the National Fête would have done it. That popular holiday, on the eve of which I write, has the effect of rubbing "le tout Paris" the wrong way. It is the glorification of the democratic régime, and after more than three decades of uninterrupted existence—not to mention the eighty years of periodical supremacy—it finds scant favour among those "whose ancestors for many generations were in the habit of walking on carpets," as Talleyrand had it. It commands still less admiration from those whose ancestors perhaps swept those carpets, but subsequently enriched themselves by various industries, and who (the descendants) constitute the bulk of smart society.

Thus much for the abstention of the noblesse, the aristocracy, and the hangers-on of both sections, from any and everything pertaining to the collective existence of the nation from the point of view of domestic politics. Their indifference is quite as great with regard to the foreign policy of France, notwithstanding the presence of a small number of French patricians in the diplomatic service. The French noblesse of Legitimist tendencies, the descendants of the military caste created by the First Napoleon, and the Monarchist bourgeoisie, owing its birth, as it were, to Louis Philippe, are each perfectly aware by this time that no amount of skill displayed by French Ambassadors in raising international complications will bring about the restoration of the particular dynasty in whose fortunes they are interested. The rest is a matter of absolute unconcern to them, as long as peace be not disturbed. In justice to all these, be it said that should such complications lead to a European war in which the Third Republic should be implicated either as the aggressor or the aggressed, the majority of those butterflies of fashion—whether young, middle-aged, or old—would rush to arms without staying to examine the cause of the quarrel. There would be the revival of the old war-cry, "La France . . . d'abord"—Anglicé, "France first"—and few of her sons would remain deaf to it.

To the ordinary observer of European affairs, no quarrel is impending. France at the present hour has no tangible or visible cause for disagreement with any nation. To those, however, who happen to be something more than ordinary observers, it is patent enough that there is little or no difficulty in making one whenever this or that Government is, or thinks itself, strong enough to provoke this or that rival for supremacy. In reality, there was no quarrel between Prussia and France at the beginning of July 1870. The Hohenzollern candidature for the throne of Spain had fairly been disposed of. Nevertheless war broke out. It would be futile to inquire who was most to blame—the Empress Eugénie, her consort, or Bismarck. War broke out because Napoleon III. thought himself strong enough to regain French military supremacy in Europe, which had been lost to France since Sadowa, and because Bismarck, on the other hand, knew, through his many channels of information, that the strength was mainly on paper. The Hohenzollern affair, the covetousness of Napoleon III. for the left bank of the Rhine, were side factors. The military supremacy thus regained would have consolidated the dynasty, which was being violently shaken by the machinations of the Republicans, who had managed to get a very formidable footing in the Chamber.

At present, France is not desirous of proving her military strength against any European nation, and perhaps least of all against the nation whose defeat, if that were probable, or even possible, would restore to her the two lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, the recovery of which has for at least a quarter of a century been the very basis of the *revanche* idea. I say for a quarter of a century, albeit I would beg the reader not to take me too literally. Within the last five years the *revanche* idea has apparently much subsided, but even before that the expression of it in many quarters was very much toned down, thanks to Bismarck's clever manipulation of the late Jules Ferry, whom he prompted with the idea of a colonial policy, by the initial execution of which Ferry perished, while it continued to be pursued with great *éclat* by Ferry's successors.

It boots not to inquire what advantages France has up to the present reaped from the development of that policy; certain is it that by now the Government of the Third Republic is irrevocably committed to it. And according to its views, England, and England only, stands in the way of that policy in its further amplification. A contest with England means a naval one—at any rate, to begin with. Hence, for the last lustre, France has set herself the task of increasing and perfecting her navy, and the latest accounts of the manœuvres now going breed the conclusion that there is little left to be done in that way. Lebaux practically said the same thing in July 1870 with regard to the army. In Napoleon the Third's mind the mitrailleuse would accomplish the victory, if nothing else would. Here are his very words at the beginning of the campaign: "No journalists. The effect of our mitrailleuses will be so terrible, and the scribes will describe those effects so fully, as to invest our battles with the appearance of simple massacres." The confidence of Napoleon in his military engine of destruction was, however, nothing to the confidence of the Third Republic in the submarine craft due to the invention of M. Gustave Zédé. "Whatever happens has happened before," and may happen again; hence, I am not going predict about sequels.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

B F SOUTHWICK (Boston, U.S.A.).—We fear you have set up the position wrongly. Neither of your ways will solve No. 2980.

H M PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—Thanks, we have every expectation of finding it suitable.

R S THOMPSON (Ipswich).—You are quite right, but you will find it acknowledged in the printed solution.

S F W (Clapham).—Not until after the holidays.

HECTOR (Oxford).—"Chess Openings: Ancient and Modern," will suit you best.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2977 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2978 from C A M (Penang); of No. 2979 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon), Banarsi Das (Moradabad), Shaida Ali Khan Peshkar (Rampur), and C A M (Penang); of No. 2980 from Shaida Ali Khan Peshkar (Rampur), Charles B Erskine, Waldo Warland Stevens, B.A. (Youngstown, Ohio), and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 2982 from H S Brandreth (Copenhagen); of No. 2983 from Rev. C R Sowell (St Austell), Charles Burnett, Edward J Sharpe, and Eugene Henry (Lewisham); of No. 2984 from Clement C Danby, W Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea), C E H (Clifton), Edward J Sharpe, M A Eyre (Folkestone), Alpha, Mrs. E Fyson (Higham), C M A B, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2985 received from Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), C E H (Clifton), J A S Hanbury (Moseley), T Roberts, E W Burnell, Charles Burnett, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Hector, E J Winter Wood, Alpha, R S Thompson (Ipswich), Sorrento, T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Edith Corser (Reigate), and W A Lillico (Edinburgh).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2984.—BY SORRENIO.

WHITE.

1. B to K 3rd

2. B to Q 4th (ch)

3. B mates

BLACK.

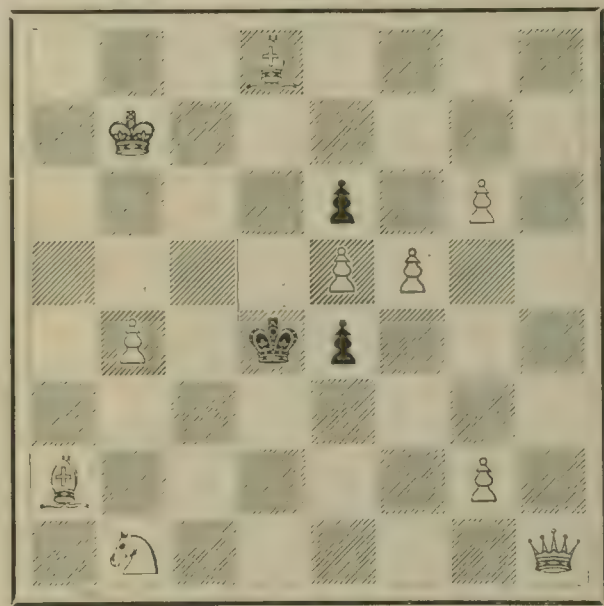
K to K 4th

K moves

If Black play 1. R takes B or Q to B 2nd, 2. R to R 5th (ch); if 1. B to Q 8th or B (at B 8th) takes Kt, 2. B to B 7th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2987.—BY E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played between Mr. A. W. FOX and Dr. B. LASKER.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Dr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Dr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q to K 2nd	R to Q sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q R to Q sq	Q to Kt 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th		19. Kt to Kt 4th	R to K sq
This game is remarkable for the singular and original method of development, which is perhaps hardly good, but theoretically suggestive.		20. Kt to B 4th	B to R 3rd
	Kt to B 3rd	21. P to Kt 3rd	R to K 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd has no great points of commendation, and there is little harm now if White should play 4. B takes Kt, Q P takes B; 5. Kt takes P, Q to Q 5th, etc., as in the Ruy Lopez.		22. R to Q 7th	Q R to K sq
		23. K R to Q sq	K to Kt 2nd
		24. Q to B 3rd	B takes Kt
		25. P takes B	R to Q 3rd
		26. R (Q sq) takes R	P takes Kt
		27. Kt to K 3rd	B takes Kt
		28. Q takes B	Q to K 3rd
		29. Q takes P	
With this capture, the game obviously goes in White's favour, for the passed Rook's Pawn is irresistible afterwards. Dr. Lasker is a brother of the champion, and the player of White a young and rising player from Washington of whom more will be heard.		30. P to R 4th	Q takes P
		31. P to R 5th	R to K B sq
		32. P to R 6th	Q takes B P
		33. Q to Kt 7th	P to Q 4th
		34. K to R 2nd	Q to K 8th (ch)
		35. P to R 7th	Q takes B P
		36. P to R 8th (a Q)	P to R 4th
		37. Q takes R	R takes Q
		38. Q to R 3rd	P to R 5th
			Resigns.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in America between Messrs. W. E. NAPIER and J. T. JELLETT.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Kt takes P	Kt takes Q P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	11. Q to K 3rd	Kt to K B 4th
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	12. Q to B 4th	Q Kt to Q 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	13. B takes Kt	Kt takes B P
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. Kt takes P	Kt to B 4th
An old variation. The main object here is to allow Black's Bishop to play to Q 3rd, where it is well posted. However, it will be seen that Black plays B to K 2nd.		15. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B sq
		16. Kt takes R	Kt to K 3rd
		17. Q to K 4th	Kt to B 4th
		18. Q to Q 5th	Q takes Kt
This sacrifice is not good for Black, but the whole variation is of interest to the student.		19. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
		20. Q R to Q sq	B to B 3rd
		21. K R to K sq	Q to B sq
		22. P to B 4th	P to K R 3rd
		23. P to B 5th	Kt to Kt 4th
		24. Q to B 5th (ch)	Resigns.

NOW READY.

PRICE 1s.

THE SUMMER NUMBER

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CONTAINS A COMPLETE NEW ROMANCE

By MAX PEMBERTON,

ENTITLED

"BARBARA OF OLLERTON"

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

As a SUPPLEMENT there is given a BEAUTIFUL REMBRANDT REPRODUCTION of the Picture by MARCUS STONE, entitled

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART."

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The subject of cremation is one which is shown year by year to be most intimately connected with public health interests. No thoughtful person can afford to neglect the question of the reverent disposal of the dead with reference to the safety of the living, and it is well that a review of the progress of the cremation movement should from time to time be made, in order to stimulate public attention with regard to the topic.

This week I wish to say a few words by way of a reasonable advocacy of cremation as not only a sanitary, but, I repeat, a reverent fashion of disposing of the dead. Let us argue the matter from the scientific standpoint. The dead body has to be dealt with, and the question at issue is how it may best be treated with due regard to the sentimental side of life—a feature the influence of which I fully admit—on the one hand, and the safety of the living on the other. I beg my readers to note the latter point. For the preservation of the public health is a duty which is, or should be, paramount with us all. I apprehend, therefore, that nobody will agree that crowded cemeteries and graveyards tend to the welfare of the humanity that environs them. Pollution of air, water, and soil is represented in the case of every such place, and the prospect of harbouring festering decay—I will not mince matters here as regards words—near the living is a feature of our modern ways, whereat the better-instructed future will open its eyes in wide surprise.

There is one point which is imperfectly appreciated by people who entertain objections, real or the opposite, to the practice of cremation. They do not understand, despite much teaching, that the process of burial and that of burning a body are chemically identical. When we bury a body—we never "bury" anybody to-day in the proper sense of the term—in the earth, we expect that the surroundings of the body, represented by the proper kind of soil, will slowly but surely oxidise it, take it to pieces (in a chemical sense), resolve its elements into simple materials, and finally leave nothing behind save, perhaps, a few fragments of the bones. Even these last in time will mingle with the soil.

This is what we once called "eremacausis"—a slow process of reducing once living matter into simpler compounds. Chemically regarded, as I have said, it is a process of "burning" or oxidation. Now, cremation is also a process of oxidation, only it accomplishes in an hour and a half what takes years for burial to effect; and mark, please, that in order to get true oxidation, you must place the body in the earth. In ordinary burial, let me remind my readers, it may be years before a massive coffin decays, and therefore years more before the earth has access to the body. I call ordinary burial a farce, and rightly so, because we do not imitate the Early Christians, who placed the bodies of their dead directly in the earth. That was true burial. To-day, theoretically, our dead repose in the ground; but Mother Earth never gets near their bodies for years to effect her kindly and natural action on that which, once living matter, according to the edict of nature has to pass into other states and conditions.

My experiences in watching the process of cremation convince me that it is a reverent mode of true burial. The body consigned to the furnace after religious service is resolved in an hour and a half into about two pounds weight of bone fragments, which, lovingly placed in an urn, can be kept in the niche of a chapel, or consigned to the earth. There is nothing repulsive in the whole process. Everything is done decently and in order. When objections were urged from the theological side, the late Canon Liddon, the late Bishop of Manchester, and other divines showed that there was nothing in the whole range of Christian belief which was opposed to the practice. Challenged by opponents that the doctrines of the Resurrection might be impugned by the idea of cremation, the good Lord Shaftesbury reminded them that the blessed martyrs were burnt for their faith, but that no one doubted the fulfilment of the hopes with which men consecrate their beliefs in the fulfilment of the promises of a future life, in the martyrs' case. Therefore it is that men of well-nigh all shades of religious opinion support the cremation movement. They see, and see clearly, that as between burial, improperly carried out, and cremation, there can be no hesitation in choosing the latter as by far the better part.

I have heard friends of mine say that the sentimental phase of the burial question weighs with them, even when they are prepared to admit all the sanitary advantages of cremation. It is true that "God's acre beautiful" is an idea, which we are all loth to resign; but "God's acre" need not be abolished when cremation is established. The cemetery of the future will have its graves, but they will be the receptacles of urns; and in appropriate temples, placed amid trees and flowers, we shall find the niches wherein the remains of the beloved dead repose. Contrast with this sanitary view of things, the overcrowded cemetery of to-day, teeming with its dead, and with its perpetual cry for more room. Our city of the dead, our Necropolis, in the midst of the living, is an anomaly, because the idea of the dead being so placed is itself repugnant, and still more because, as I have said, the real horror of burial begins when one allows one's thoughts to stray downwards and under the green grass of the sacred acre.

It is well, therefore, that as a nation we should calmly and seriously set ourselves to consider this great question. If we could always obtain the proper kind of soil, remote from the dwellings of men, and place our dead directly therein, leaving them undisturbed to be resolved by nature, I should say, by all means adopt burial. I deny that we can obtain these conditions as things are. Better a thousand times than the overcrowded charnel-house is the cremation-furnace. For, placed therein, all that is mortal of us is speedily resolved—and "the rest is silence."



Photo. Byrne, Richmond

A FAMOUS VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL JEOPARDISED BY A NEW BUILDING SCHEME.



Photo. Biograph Co

THE COUNTRY FAIR IN AID OF TWENTY-THREE CHARITIES AT SHEEN HOUSE, JULY 9 AND 10: THE SCENE ON THE LAWN.

The fair, held in the grounds of the Sheen House Club at Mortlake, was opened on the first day by Princess Löwenstein-Wertheim, and on the second by Lady Maitland.

THE REMOVAL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FROM LONDON.

*"I do not shame to say the Hospital
Of London was my chiefest fost'ring place."—HEYWOOD.*

On June 27, 1553, shortly before his end, the dying boy-King Edward VI. affixed his signature to the "Charter of Incorporation of the Royal Hospitals," and partly on the site of the old Greyfriars Monastery the buildings of the present "Bluecoat School" have gradually arisen. Some old names still haunt its precincts. The store-room for bread and butter is called the "buttery"; and the open ground in front of the present grammar school, through which passed the old town ditch, is known as the "Ditch" to this day. In other matters, too, old names linger: the "Blue" of to-day still calls a crust of bread a "crug," but his breakfast bears little resemblance to Lamb's "our quarter of a penny loaf—our *crug* moistened with attenuated small beer in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from." It must not be supposed that the present garb has persisted since the school's foundation. It is only fifty years since caps were worn—flat black constructions of woollen yarn, shaped like a muffin, and,

earlier still, yellow petticoats. The cloisters called "Old Giff's Cloisters," after one "Geoffrey," a famous beadle, are the only portions remaining of the ancient monastery buildings. This was the recognised ground for the school-fights in ruder days, and these are the walls that re-echoed in the eighteenth century to the accents of the "inspired charity-boy," Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Part of the lower stonework of these cloisters, then, may date back to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but no other part of the school buildings is very old.

There should be no regrets about the moving of Christ's Hospital to the country. If there is a time to break down and a time to build up, we should be glad for the boys' sakes that the season has come to cast away the stones of the buildings in Newgate Street, and to gather stones together at Horsham. All the tablets, figures, carved doorways, and suchlike will be carefully removed and set up in their new home, and, indeed, the work of transplanting has already begun.



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SOAPMAKERS



BY SPECIAL WARRANT

TO

**HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.**

LADIES' PAGE.

Women are now encouraged in sport in many ways, and each year they are proving more and more capable of serious work—if that be a suitable expression to use about playing! Ladies' cricket, indeed, is still *pour rire*; but please tell me how much of that fact is due to ladies' skirts? In golf, where the petticoat is less of a hindrance, women are by no means so behind the stronger sex: few are the men who care to give away many points to a first-rate lady opponent. This year a lady has carried off one of the principal trophies in croquet from men opponents.



A PRETTY DESIGN FOR WHITE STRIPED MUSLIN.

Swimming, again, is quite a womanly sport. Lady Constance Mackenzie has recently once more secured the honours at the Bath Club—not, of course, in competition with men, but under the rules and the encouragement of that most exclusive of mixed clubs. It is to be noted that for swimming costume, "Mrs. Grundy" has abandoned her inveterate objection to women appearing without a skirt; in most exercises this tremendous handicap is insisted upon for the less muscular and solid female form to carry. However, there is but little "Mrs. Grundyish" restriction felt by the women of the upper classes in matters that touch their convenience. It is the mob that is truly conservative about matters of custom and opinion, and it is the mob that has killed the movement for "rational dress" for women cyclists. Of course, the general opinion of the unbecomingness of "rational dress" has had influence, but the chief prohibition has come in the form of the howl of the street-loafer. The "rational" costume is almost extinct now; the club that was formed to promote it is disbanded; yet only last Sunday, as I was driving back to town from a garden-party at Willesden, I saw a plucky young woman in knickers, and the yet more plucky man who was accompanying her on a tandem, run the gauntlet of the prolonged jeering howl emitted by a lengthy "procession" of temperance societies and trades unionists out with bands and banners to collect for some charity. It takes more courage for a man to face and disdain such an expression of mob scorn than to storm a kopje, and the men willing to endure it, or the women either, must needs be few. The women of the upper classes, meantime, wear their very short shooting-dresses, their abbreviated hockey-skirts, their hunting-habits as tight and as truncated as they please, and their costumes for swimming both skirtless and sleeveless.

Lady Constance Mackenzie, who is so fine a swimmer, is a niece of the Duke of Sutherland, and sister of the young lady who is Countess of Cromartie in her own right. To the limited list of peeresses in their own right, by the way, there has lately been added another, in the person of the baby daughter of the late Earl of Darnley, who becomes Baroness Clifton, that title having been granted to descend through females, and not only through heirs male. The title of Earl of Darnley, descending through males, has passed to the late Earl's brother. It is surely a curious thing that in these comparatively peaceful days, when there is no actual obligation on a noble ever to lead

his retainers into the field personally, titles should be rarely granted to descend through daughters, whereas in the sterner feudal times, peerages were allowed to pass through the female in default of a male heir in the direct line. Now, when a title is specially granted to descend to the daughter of the first holder, it is usually limited after that to her male heirs. This was made the case with the Duke of Fife's title, and I believe also with those of Lord Wolsley and Lord Roberts: these peers having daughters only, the daughters are immediately to succeed, but the further inheritance is confined to their male descendants. This is not very different from the manners and customs of the Chinese, who will not count a girl as a member of her family at all: a Chinaman with one son and half-a-dozen daughters will state that he has only one child. Two peerage succession cases, by the way, are anticipated, in both of which the right of female succession will be concerned. Lord Mowbray and Stourton claims the Earldom of Norfolk from the Duke of Norfolk on the ground that somewhere in the eighteenth century the Earldom ought to have been taken by an ancestress of his, and separated from the Dukedom, which passed through males only; and the Countesses of Yarborough and Powis, who are sisters, and co-heirs of the late Lord Conyers, claim two ancient titles of their family.

Without being unkind to the nice Pennsylvania boys, we cannot be sorry that the Englishmen beat them at Henley. What with marrying our peers, winning our most popular horse-racing trophies, and holding on to the best yachting cup, "these Americans" are really getting too much ahead of their old Motherland! Henley was inundated with American girls provided with the Stars and Stripes in miniature that they intended to wave over our downfall. Dearly as I love the American women, it was not in human nature to regret that this "crowing over" Old England did not come off! But what nice, gracious, frank, and generous creatures those American women are! They took to Henley one feature of brightness that we have been without all this season—namely, colour. It was delightful to see again pink and green and blue and yellow flaunting bravely under the summer sun. How glad we shall be when we are once more free to gratify our colour sense! Individually, nearly all women look their best in either black or white; but collectively, general half-mourning has proved exceedingly monotonous, and has dulled the season sadly.

Panama hats have leaped into fashion. For men, they have quite ousted the stiff straw sailors, while girls find the pliability, softness, and lightness exactly what is most comfortable for wear on the river or at the sea-side. They are much more costly to buy than ordinary straws, but are really not excessively dear—about twenty-five shillings secures a very fair one—and they last a long while. The finer qualities go up to considerably more in price. They are considered enough trimmed with a simple ribbon band, but for becomingness it is as well to add a big bow in soft foulard—black, white with black spots, or any colour that harmonises with the costume. A stiff-brimmed or hard-crowned hat is not a proper Panama; their pliability is their great virtue; but some are just stiff enough to maintain a "boat" or "Homburg" shape. There are soft Leghorn straws that are almost equally light and pliable, and more becoming; they are made with a sort of silky-looking line of straw in the weaving, and are to be had in the daintiest colours; the pink and blue shades are especially soft and delicate. Then there are the muslin hats with full frills flopping round a curly young head very prettily, but not to be worn advantageously above any but youthful complexions.

Graceful and sensible dresses for afternoon wear in the country are indicated in our Illustrations. The one in white muslin is quite the sort of gown needed for calling in the country. It is itself of the striped variety, and it is further trimmed with stripes of lace, set at intervals with motifs of lace; the latter would be smarter and quite up-to-date if in a different colour from the lace bands that they decorate; say, if the bands are cream, the motifs might be *écru*, or putty-coloured, or even, very advantageously, black lace. The form of bolero depicted is very popular at present, and there is a draped vest of lace with a waistband of a darker silk. The hat is of



"NEWS OF THE WORLD" CUP FOR SHOOTING.

The competition for the silver cup offered by the proprietors of the *News of the World* as first prize in a battalion sweepstake in connection with the first stage of the St. George's Vase Competition took place at Bisley on July 18. The trophy, which was made by Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill, is a two-handled Grecian vase, richly chased and decorated, and is thirteen inches in height.

chiffon, trimmed with a white satin rosette. The other little gown is in white pleated batiste, trimmed with rows of ribbon velvet. The hat is a turnover one, trimmed with roses and foliage. Both these dresses show the absence of collar, which is a feature of the latest fashion, and very acceptable now the weather is so hot.

A pretty chiffon boa is the natural accompaniment of an uncollared gown. These have become more huge every week, until some short-necked women have been quite comically distorted, seen from the back view. Reasonably employed as a frame for the face, not fastened under the chin, but ready for being so should a cold breeze spring up towards evening, a ruffle is both



DRESS OF WHITE BATISTE AND LACE.

useful and ornamental. Black and white chiffon boas are almost exclusively worn here in harmony with the general tone of our costumes. Some have been very lightly touched with flower-petals, either those in the palest blush of the rose or the most delicate mauve of the iris or the orchid. Some of the American girls at Henley wore ruffles of other colours that they had bought in Paris, where, it seems, all the very lightest shades of all the colours of the rainbow are being made up into these *ruches de cou*. Needless to say, these trifles of the toilet must be absolutely fresh. As they are so vaporous and delicate they need frequently renewing. Indeed, the services of a clever maid are quite indispensable. Each time that the extremely delicate smart dresses and accessories are worn they need careful looking over for the immediate repair of slight damages, and for the kind services of a slightly heated iron to smooth out unseemly crumples.

For simple gowns, an ornamental muslin or lace collar is desirable. These take various shapes, the sailor, with its wide back and shaped fronts, being decidedly first favourite; they are often much embroidered and very ornate. No matter what is the material of the gown, a muslin collar may be added. Swiss work is used to make some of them, employed as insertion on the plain muslin; in others, tambour work is done on the muslin. The lace that is so popular in every form of use is responsible for many pretty collars, either exclusively constructed of lace, or with a muslin foundation much befringed with the flimsy fabric. Indian muslin, heavily embroidered by hand in a floral design and edged with Irish point, makes a suitable collar for a handsome foulard gown; while spotted muslin frilled with Bretonne net is enough for a simple alpaca dress.

More royal appointments are to be recorded. Both the King and the Queen have given a royal warrant appointing Mr. Henry Heath to be hat-manufacturer to their Majesties. The Apollinaris Company, Limited, have been appointed purveyors of natural mineral waters to the King. The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, have been honoured with the appointment of purveyors of tea to his Majesty. Mr. George Ashton, of 38, Old Bond Street, has been appointed theatre and concert agent to their Majesties. Mr. Ashton, by the way, is establishing a concert agency under the title of Ashton's Royal Agency, in connection with his business. FILOMENA.

A SIGNAL FROM MARS



Code Interpretation:—

B = BIRD'S

C = CUSTARD

P = POWDER

No Eggs! No Risk! No Trouble!

Even they know it!



THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church papers comment in the severest way on the withdrawal by the Government of the Education Bill. The Bishops of the Southern Province have resolved that Voluntary schools ought to share with all other elementary schools in the educational rate levied over the whole area in which they are situated; that the funds needed for capital expenditure on the school buildings, as well as for necessary extension and structural alterations, should be provided by the body to which a school belongs, but that its managers shall not be liable for any other expenditure. Their Lordships also accepted the principle of public representation, within proper limits, on boards of management, a principle which is said to involve equal denominational treatment in Board schools. But the pith of the resolutions is the last, which expresses the hope that the Government will include the financial relief of Voluntary schools as an integral feature in its forthcoming measure of educational reform.

The form of the King's Declaration prepared by the Committee of the House of Lords is condemned with practical unanimity. Criticism is specially directed to the proposition that the Roman Catholic view of the Mass and the invocation of the Saints is "contrary to the Protestant religion." On this one critic observes: "How the safety of the realm as against a Papist Sovereign is to be secured by an affirmation which the Pope himself would sign, we entirely fail to see."

The progress of the Christian Science movement is awakening some concern among the Churches, and the suggestion is made that to counteract "this heresy and the similar heresy of the Peculiar People, the Church should again put in use the Sacrament of the unction of the sick."

The Rev. J. T. Darragh, of Johannesburg, who has not left his post all through the war until now, is paying a visit to this country. To the *Contemporary Review* he contributes an article on "The Better Control of the Drink Traffic in South Africa." He favours the elimination of private profit from the trade and the bringing of

Bishop of London. Professor Mason in his youth was a remarkably vigorous and trenchant critic, and some of his articles in the *Academy* are not yet forgotten.

The sudden death of the Rev. Canon A. J. Robinson, Rector of Birmingham, came as a great shock upon the city. Canon Robinson died of pneumonia after a very short illness. He had overworked himself, and had not sufficient strength to resist the attack. He was well known in London as Vicar of St. John's, Waterloo Road, Rector of Whitechapel, and Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone. Notwithstanding his fidelity in Church work, he found time for much congenial reading and study.

The Bishop of London is to pay a visit to South Africa, probably in September.

The Bishop of Winchester is the Episcopal member of the committee appointed to consider the arrangements for the Coronation.

West Street Chapel, St. Giles, is about to disappear. It is closely associated with Wesley and Whitefield. There Fletcher of Madeley preached his first sermon in 1751. V.

Messrs. Ogden, Limited, the manufacturers of "Guinea-Gold" Cigarettes, are issuing with their packets of ten cigarettes a very complete collection of photographs of celebrities, amounting in all to two hundred. Special albums, containing a description of each photograph, entitled "New Century Albums," are on sale at most tobacconists' at 1s. 6d. each. Messrs. Ogden wish to present a number of these, when they are filled, to charitable institutions, and with this object in view they are willing to pay one guinea each for the first thousand clean, filled albums sent to them at Boundary Lane, Liverpool, before the end of the year. Albums not purchased will be returned.



Photo. supplied by Messrs. Harland and Wolff.

THE LAUNCH OF THE UNION-CASTLE LINER "WALMER CASTLE" AT BELFAST, JULY 6.

The "Walmer Castle," which is the most recent addition to the Union-Castle Line, was launched most successfully at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's works at Belfast on July 6. Sir Donald Currie was among the spectators, and the ceremony of naming the vessel was performed by his daughter, Mrs. Molleno.

the trade under direct State control. The question is even more important in South Africa than here, owing to the great predominance of the black population.

Professor A. J. Mason, of Cambridge, has been appointed one of the examining chaplains to the

when they are filled, to charitable institutions, and with this object in view they are willing to pay one guinea each for the first thousand clean, filled albums sent to them at Boundary Lane, Liverpool, before the end of the year. Albums not purchased will be returned.

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Sterling Silver Champagne Jug, Handsomely Chased,
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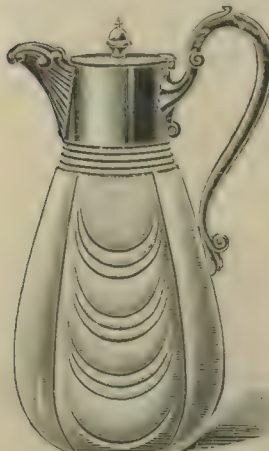


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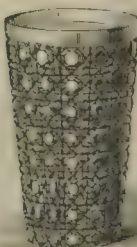


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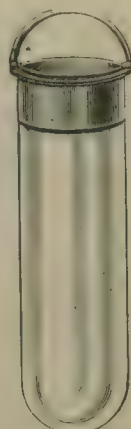
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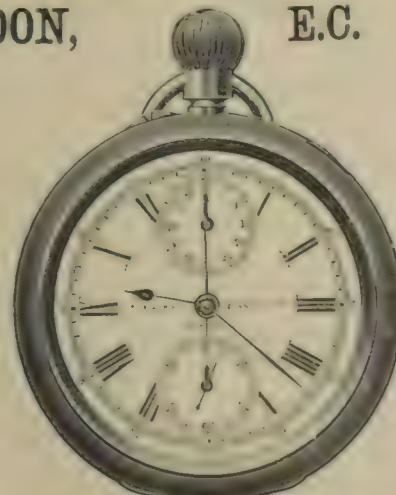
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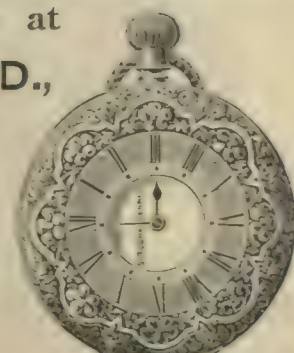
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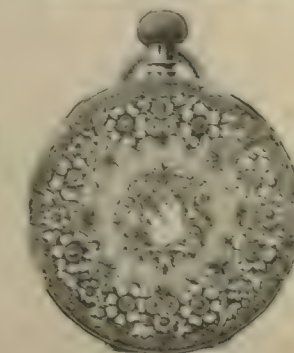
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Lady's Gold Keyless
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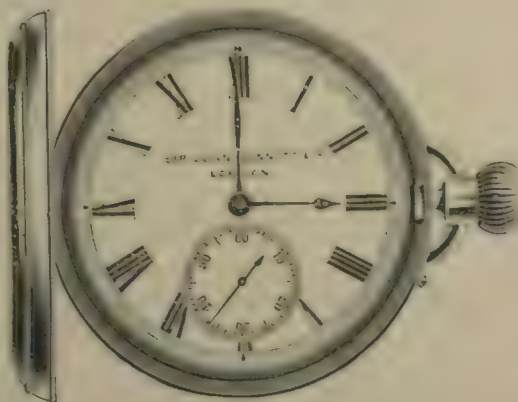
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THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP AT BISLEY.

The competition for the *Daily Telegraph* Cup at Bisley is open to all comers, and is shot for at 600 yards seven rounds. This year the entries amounted to 1220, as against 920 last year. The maximum score, thirty-five,



THE DAILY TELEGRAPH CUP FOR BISLEY.

was obtained by four competitors, eighteen others being credited with but one point less. On shooting off the ties, Sergeant G. Cowan and Private Jenkins were again equal. The cup was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd.

SWORD PRESENTED TO SIR J. WILLCOCKS

Colonel Sir James Willcocks was made a Freeman of the City of London, and presented with a sword of honour on July 11, in recognition of his services in the operations in Ashanti. The guard of the sword, of solid eighteen-carat gold, is treated in a free and bold style of arabesques, the head of Britannia forming the keynote of the design, below which appear the initials of the Colonel in fine sapphires and diamonds; while the full blazon of the arms of the City of London are shown on the wider portion of the guard, enamelled in proper colours, the decoration being completed with English roses and national emblems; the whole being surmounted with the form of a crocodile, the body of which forms the grip of the handle, which latter is covered with shagreen and gold wire at intervals. The scabbard, of solid eighteen-carat gold, is carried out with raised work in repoussé, introduced into which are emblems relating to West Africa and the work in which the gallant Colonel has been engaged, including Haussas, the elephant, various plants peculiar to the country, crossed swords, Union Jack, and British lion. The sword was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

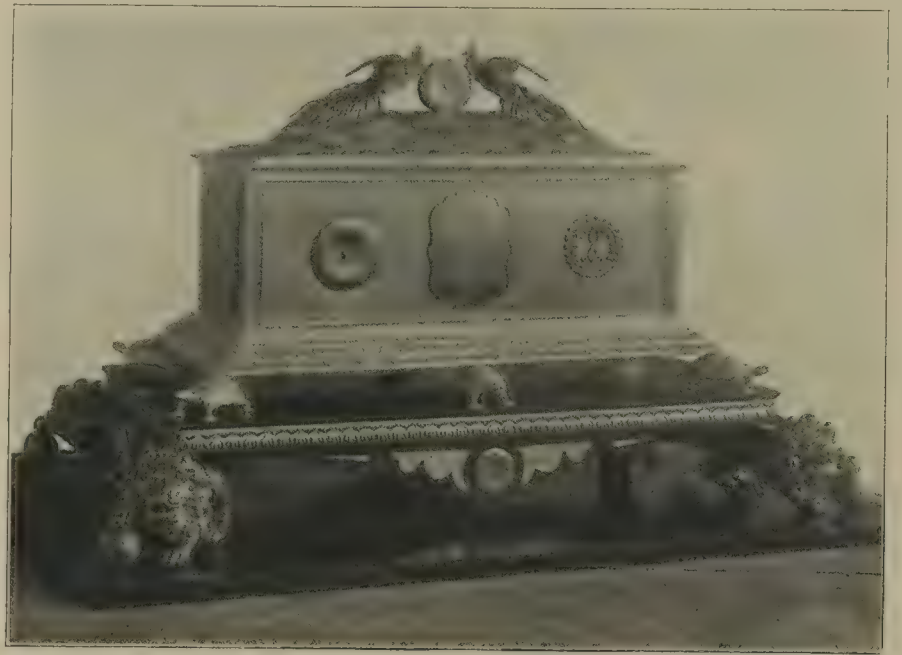


SWORD OF HONOUR PRESENTED TO COLONEL SIR JAMES WILLCOCKS
BY THE CITY OF LONDON.

one side and in Japanese on the other. At each end of the casket there is a panel having a finely executed enamel painting carried out in the Japanese style of art. The inscription reads: "Presented to his Imperial Highness the Crown Prince, by the Foreign Communities of Kobe and Osaka, as a token of respectful congratulation on the auspicious occasion of his Imperial Highness's marriage, the 10th day of May, 1900." This unique specimen of art work was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London.

PRESENTATION TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

The casket for presentation to the Crown Prince of Japan is of solid silver, oblong, partially gilt, and has on the front and reverse the chrysanthemum with sixteen petals, the crest of the reigning family of Japan. The wisteria also is shown on both sides, this being the crest of the Crown Princess's family. In the centre between the two crests is a shield bearing the inscription in English on



CASKET FOR PRESENTATION TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 30, 1895), with a codicil (dated April 4, 1901), of Colonel Arthur Charles Greville, Scots Guards, of The Cottage, Grove Road, Hillingdon, who died on May 27, was proved on July 9 by Frederick Cox, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £194,771. The testator gives 5, Grove Road, St. Andrew's, Uxbridge, to his servant James Brown; and £200 to his executor. The residue of his property he leaves upon trust for his niece Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox for life, and at her death for his nephew Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1895), with a codicil (dated April 19, 1898), of Mr. Hugh Charles Trevanion, of 3, Lowndes Square, who died on May 20, was proved on July 5 by the Hon. Charles Spencer Bateman Hanbury Kincard Lennox, and Francis Burdett Money Coutts, the executors, the value of the estate being £88,674. The testator gives two cottages at Redbourne, Herts, and the use, for life, of his residence, with the furniture, etc., therein, to his wife, Lady Frances Trevanion; £50 each to his friends Sir Henry Drummond Wolfe, Lord Connemara, and the Hon. Edward Bateman Portman; £100 each to his sister, Mrs. Alice Charlotte Grant Dalton, and his executors; £200 to Edith D. Harrison; £50 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, the Dogs' Home, and the Cats'

Home; and other legacies. All his freehold and leasehold property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, with remainder to the first and other sons of his son, Hugh Arundell, according to seniority in tail male, but charged with the payment of £500 per annum to his said son. The residue of his estate is to be invested in freehold property, and to be held with his settled estates.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1899) of Mr. John Winterbotham Batten, K.C., of 15, Airlie Gardens, and 3, Harcourt Buildings, Temple, who died on June 2, was proved on July 4 by Rayner Derry Batten, John Dickson Batten, and Frederick Eustace Batten, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £73,646. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his household furniture, etc., to his wife; and £150 each to his children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife; £150 per annum each to his married daughters; £300 per annum each to his unmarried daughters; and the remainder of the income to his sons. On the decease of Mrs. Batten, his property is to be divided between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 8, 1895), with a codicil (dated Jan. 3, 1899), of Percy Barrington, eighth Viscount Barrington, of Beckett, Berks, and Westbury Manor, Bucks, who died on April 29, was proved on July 5 by Walter Bulkeley, ninth Viscount Barrington, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £62,185. The

testator gives the estate of Egborough, Yorkshire, to the trustees of the resettlement of the family estates. Subject to a legacy to his servant Charles May, he leaves the residue of his property to his said son.

The will (dated July 10, 1874), with two codicils (dated Aug. 4, 1876, and March 15, 1892), of Mr. Thomas Harrison, of Liverpool and Belle Vale House, Gateacre Lancashire, who died on May 5, have been proved by Mrs. Sarah Harrison, the widow, and Thomas Harrison, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £61,329. The testator gives £100 and his household furniture, and during her widowhood the income of his residuary estate, to his wife. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided between his children.

The Irish probate of the will (dated April 7, 1898), (with four codicils), of Sir Henry William Gore Booth, Bart., of Lissadell, Sligo, who died on Jan. 13, granted to Dame Georgina Mary Gore Booth, the widow, Sir Josslyn Augustus Richard Gore Booth, the son, and John Kenneth Foster, the executors, was resealed in London on July 3, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £51,780. After charging his Irish property with the payment of portions for his younger children, except his daughter Mabel Olive, who was provided for on her marriage, he gives £200 and the use of certain diamonds and pearls to his wife; £200 to Thomas Kilgallon; and

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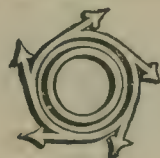
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£100 to Daniel Campbell. The residue of his property he leaves to his eldest son absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 30, 1889), with a codicil (dated Nov. 18, 1896), of Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Arthur Pleydell-Bouverie-Campbell-Wyndham, of Corhampton, Hants, and Glengarr, Dunoon, Argyll, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on July 6 by the Rev. Edwin George Wyld and Charles Roper, the executors, the value of the estate being £42,644. The testator gives the residue of the real and personal estate of the late Henry Hetley in reversion expectant on the death of Mrs. Bouverie-Campbell-Wyndham to his daughter Mary Lillian Bouverie-Campbell-Wyndham; £100 each to his executors; and his furniture and live and dead stock to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as to £5,000 for his daughter, and the ultimate residue for his son Richard Arthur.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1900), with a codicil (dated Jan. 22, 1901), of Mr. Thomas Bond, F.R.C.S., of 7, The Sanctuary, Westminster, who died on June 6, was proved on July 6 by Harold Thomas Hearne Bond, the son, and

Frank Steele Buck, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £22,127. The testator gives £500 and part of his furniture to his wife, Mrs. Louise Bond, and there are specific gifts to his children. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares for his children.

On Monday last the Bishop of London visited the South Pole ship *Discovery*, and conducted a service on the deck of the vessel. Fully robed, Bishop Ingram took his place before a reading-desk, and delivered a short farewell sermon, concluding with the words: "May God bless you and keep you in His protection; may He give you that unity on which everything depends, and when you have finished, bring you home again with all credit and honour to the country which will watch for you and pray for you at all times." He also presented the explorers with a beautifully bound Bible and Book of Common Prayer, bearing the inscription: "Presented to the *Discovery* before leaving England for the yet unknown South, by the Bishop of London, with his prayers and blessing."

MUSIC.

The musical season in London is nearly over. Even the Opera has only another week of life, and but one novelty to offer—the first performance of "Le Roi d'Ys," composed by Lalo. Lalo was one of those unfortunate musicians to whom success came too late. After a heart-breaking series of failures, and when he was already sixty-five years of age, this opera was first heard in Paris in 1888. The great French critic, M. Camille Bellaigue, writing for his review, "L'Année Musicale," in the year of the opera's production, says of it: "It possesses the qualities that constitute a work of price: sobriety without dryness, originality without ugliness, grace and strength without affectation or brutality. And, then, M. Lalo's music resembles no one else's; it betrays no influence—not that of Gounod any more than that of Wagner. M. Lalo's ideas are his own." The score is reported to be full of melodies and charm of composition. M. Edouard Blau wrote the libretto, which follows the legend closely, but is in no way crowded with action or with many characters. Lalo only lived to see four years of successful performances of



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his opera, though its popularity in the ensuing nine years has never waned. It is expected to be equally popular in England after its initial performance.

Last week at the Opera brought forth no novelties, excepting the appearance of M. Jérôme, a French tenor, who sang in "Faust" on the Tuesday, and in "Les Huguenots" on the Thursday. He comes from the Paris Opera (where he was singing from 1888 to 1891) with a reputation for high skill in voice-production, having won previously the Premier Prix at the Paris Conservatoire. His voice is a powerful one, and he sings with good effect, but his personality and style of singing are not convincing. In "Otello" Mr. David Bispham took Signor Scotti's place as Jago with much success.

In this week of Grand Opera Madame Melba unfortunately was unable to appear, as she is suffering

from a slight attack of laryngitis. Madame Calvé sang, in consequence, three times during the week—in "Faust" on Tuesday and Saturday, and in "Carmen" on Thursday. On Friday night "Lohengrin" was given for the last time this season, with Herr Knote in the part of Lohengrin and Mdlle. Strakosch in the rôle of Elsa.

In the concert-halls, Mr. David Bispham's concert was the principal event of the week. Mr. Bispham has a very catholic taste in music, and his extraordinary versatility of style and flexibility of voice enable him to carry through a programme with excellent results. Madame Leonora von Stosch assisted at the concert with some admirable violin solos, and Mr. Henry Bird accompanied. The most pleasing feature of the programme was three negro melodies collected and

arranged by Mr. H. T. Burleigh, and two ballads composed by Loewe—one a setting of Goethe's "Wedding Song," and the other "Edward," taken from the "Percy Reliques." M. I. H.

The letter-bags of the various European Sovereigns have been made the subject of an estimate in Berlin. The German Emperor, it seems, receives about 600 or 700 letters a day. The Czar's secretaries have the burden of opening a similar number. Our own Edward VII. is credited with a post-bag containing about 1000 letters, and about three times that number of newspapers. Even this is nothing to the Papal total of 22,000 or 23,000 letters and papers daily. The King of Italy is let off with 500 missives, and Queen Wilhelmina with 125.

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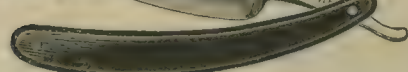
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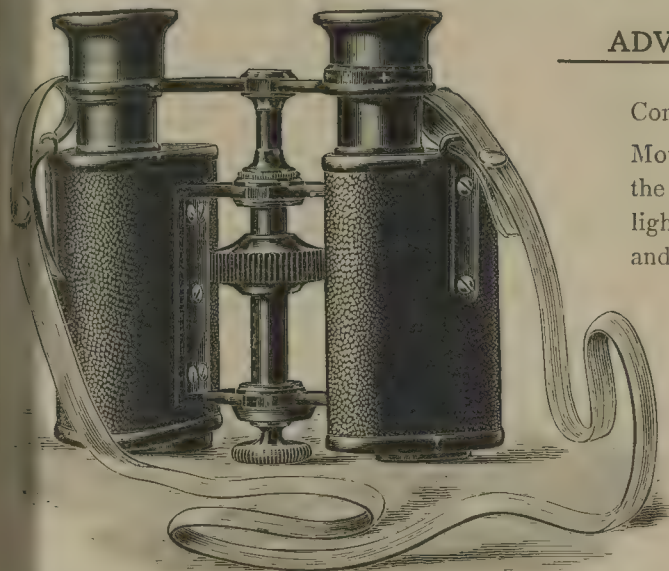
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LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

London Only. W. Pett Ridge. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
The Hidden Model. By Frances Forbes Robertson (Mrs. Harrod). (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Crucial Instances. By Edith Wharton. (London: John Murray. 5s.)
Her Royal Highness Woman. By Max O'Rell. (London: Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)
Studies of French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century. By H. B. Irving. (London: W. Heinemann. 10s.)
Laboremus. By Björnson. (London: Chapman and Hall. 5s.)
Brother Musicians: Reminiscences of Edward and Walter Bache. By Constance Bache. With 16 Illustrations. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

"London Only," by Mr. Pett Ridge, is a collection of fifteen stories, some of which have already appeared in various periodicals. The author has undoubtedly kept his good wine to the last. "The Woman who Remained" does not purport to be a fairy tale, and yet is so utterly fantastical as to verge on the ridiculous. Those, however, who persevere to the end of the book will not be unrewarded. "First Day and Last" is almost pure Dickens, and a charming whimsicality distinguishes "In Golden Hours." There is a quaint mixture of humour and pathos in "His Cheap Bravo," which describes the successful efforts of a little boy (too small himself to vindicate the family honour) to punish his sister's recalcitrant lover by the purchase of a prize-fighter's services for the sum of one shilling. As if tired of too much jesting, Mr. Pett Ridge has reserved for his last story, "The Alteration in Mr. Kershaw," a little incident most pathetic in its humanity. To this the place of honour in the volume might well be awarded.

Upon the surface "The Hidden Model" does not appear to be a very cryptic title, and one concludes too hastily that the young person in question was probably better hid. Mrs. Harrod's story, however, has at least one merit—it is not the history of an intrigue. It would perhaps have been easier to follow had it been so. As things are, a particularly cold-blooded murder leads the heroine to seek asylum in the hidden chamber which serves as models' room to the famous artist who is the hero. We confess that with all the will in the world we are unable to pierce the veil of mystery which shrouds the motive for the crime; nor do we pretend to any sympathy with its author. It is, indeed, darkly shadowed forth that the pure soul of the damsel in question was outraged by her victim; but murder done cannot be so lightly justified, and Mrs. Harrod strives towards this end to little purpose. Of the workmanship we cannot say very much, save that here and there the writer displays evidence of considerable talent. What cleverness there is in the story is so marred by chaotic thinking and by a perpetual straining after effect that it is apt to be overlooked altogether. The jargon of the studio and of the club is only tolerably well done, and surely all this prattle about decadence is out of date. Mrs. Harrod cannot well be unaware that the Neo-Hellenists at Oxford, in 1893, made decadence first ridiculous—then respectable. The hero, however, deserves a good word; his conduct throughout is that of a chivalrous gentleman. He is the victim of untoward circumstances, and merits nothing of his ill-fortune.

Mrs. Wharton is never likely to disappoint her readers; but she may tease and tantalise them. Even so, she convinces them. With Cardinal Newman many probabilities went to make a certitude. With Mrs. Wharton many improbabilities reach the same end. Kesterton, the artist in the story called "The Recovery," would not, we imagine, be so easily shaken out of his self-complacency by a visit to the Louvre; nor should we expect to find a living prototype of Paulina Anson, "The Angel at the Grave," even in New England. Yet Mrs. Wharton's artistic skill triumphs over any faultiness in her materials, and we are emotionally sure of the situations with which both stories end. Parables like these, innately true, are independent of a doubtfully authentic detail here and there. Particularly is this apparent discrepancy brought home to the reader of the story entitled "Copy," a dialogue between a man and woman, literary celebrities, about the love-letters they had written to each other in earlier years, when they lived instead of writing about life, when they didn't prepare "impromptu effects beforehand," or keep their "epigrams in cold storage" and their "adjectives under lock and key"; when their nearest approach to emotion wasn't a keen sense of copyright, and "a signature wasn't an autograph." That was a far past. Now he and she both desire to get back their old love-letters—for their memoirs. Half-an-hour's talk ends in the burning of the documents by common consent, but also by a miraculous conversion. The motive recurs to that of "A Gift from the Grave," just as the motive of "The Angel at the Grave" is reminiscent of "The Female Milton of America" in "The Pelican" of a former volume. Of necessity Mrs. Wharton challenges comparison with Mrs. Wharton. There is nobody else on the same list. If she is a little more sparing of her wit now than she formerly was, it is still in the stories of modern life that she appears at her

best. Perhaps nobody has ever had quite so strong a grudge as she against provincialism. She will not let it pass with the plausible label of local patriotism. Sensitive English readers need not be alarmed. It is open to them to apply the sermon three thousand miles to the westward. The more candid may grope about nearer home, and may, in fact, be faced by the difficulty of defining where local patriotism ends and where national patriotism begins. In "The Duchess at Prayer"—itself a gift from the grave—Mrs. Wharton harks back to mediævalism, again not altogether convincingly as to her accessories, but poignantly so as to her emotional results. Her description of the palace and the palace garden are little masterpieces not excelled since Stevenson took us into Prince Otto's Palace pleasure, where, if you remember, "the birds were singing for a wagger."

Max O'Rell is surely to be envied; he is not rich, he tells us—certainly not rich, but he has a competence, and he can afford to speak his mind. What dizzy pinnacle can tempt the man who has so much? Plainly his is the luxury of the few, and from his secure vantage-ground he proceeds to give us his opinion of the gentler sex in "Her Royal Highness Woman." On the whole, it is a flattering opinion, and even when he indulges in home truths he does it pleasantly and with a certain speciousness that might almost convince his victims. Women, we are assured, are not nice in their relations to one another: they are jealous and vindictive and small-minded, more particularly if they are beautiful. "If I were a beautiful woman, how I would hate other women!" exclaims this ingenuous critic. It is pleasant to know that Max O'Rell has found Englishwomen

a remarkable knowledge of human nature, but always on the presumption that the accused is guilty. The cases cited in Mr. Irving's interesting volume left no doubt of guilt, and the reader can enter into the dramatic quality of French justice without any misgiving. The most notable criminals in the book are Lacenaire, Troppmann, and Pranzini. All three refute the theory that the murderer must always suffer remorse. Lacenaire enjoyed murder for its own sake, and made public boast of his insensibility either to compunction or fear. Troppmann, who was only one-and-twenty, wanted to be a dashing criminal who murders the rich and is the idol of the poor. The confessor who attended him in prison compared him to Jean Valjean, Victor Hugo's glorified convict. The suggestion did little credit to the worthy ecclesiastic's judgment. Pranzini was renowned for his influence over women, and even men raved about the Greek beauty of his form. Alphonse Daudet had to rebuke some of the young lions of the Paris journals, who gravely discussed the question whether such beauty did not justify crime. Mr. Irving has used his materials with skill, and the grimness of his recitals is relieved by many touches of philosophical observation.

Björnson has written a play in three acts that might easily pass for Ibsen. "Laboremus" is not as good as Ibsen at his best, but it is superior to "When the Dead Awaken." An elderly gentleman has married a young woman who used to entrance hotel visitors by her playing on the piano. The wedded pair are at a German hotel, and she talks to him of the trees and the houses and the little lakes that she knew when she was a wandering musician, but of the people she says nothing. He is a

haunted man, for the spirit of his first wife has appeared to him, and said something unpleasant about her successor. Such is the ominous tenor of act one. In act two we have a Paris hotel, where the elderly gentleman is visited by an old friend from Norway, a doctor, who tells him that his first wife was killed by the other lady—hypnotised into her grave. We have heard sad things of hypnotism, but this is rather a strong order. It seems that the musician who had been engaged to soothe the first wife's nerves took to playing the piano at her, and played her into the next world. We have often thought the piano had dreadful possibilities, but this revelation will make many people uneasy about their musical neighbours in semi-detached villas. Nor is this all. The Norwegian doctor has found out all sorts of things about the "lady pianist's" past. He has a nephew with whom at that very moment she is flirting like mad. The nephew is a composer, and he has a new opera on the theme of Undine. Undine is the German water-nymph, beautiful and loving, but without moral sense. Need it be said that the second wife is the incarnation of Undine? She wants to elope with the nephew; but he is saved, and the elderly gentleman is saved, and the charmer departs with "a heartrending cry." The reader will find this is worked out with no little skill. A certain indefinable absurdity, a hovering on the brink of burlesque, would make "Laboremus" difficult, if not impossible, on our stage. That has always been the trouble with Ibsen. The Norwegian drama is more impressive to read than to act. The indulgent reader can "make believe" more liberally than the actor.

Musicians are not generally supposed to be more modest than other people, and yet it is curious how few musical biographies are given to the world. This volume, concerning the all too brief career of Edward Bache and of his better-known brother, Walter Bache, is a model of what such a book should be, and even those to whom the musical side of the volume appeals only little cannot but read many chapters—especially those containing the really charming later letters of Walter Bache—with extreme interest and pleasure; while, on the other hand, to those concerned either directly or indirectly with the history of modern music, the book presents many points, and contains many passages, of the greatest value and interest. With Liszt, Walter Bache had a lifelong and devoted friendship—a friendship to which the Liszt-Bache Scholarship remains an enduring monument. As seems to have been so often the case with brilliant musicians, Walter Bache had to spend much of his time in the hard and often ungrateful work of teaching; but his happy and unselfish nature enabled him to surmount every obstacle, and the secret of his success as a teacher is made clear again and again in his letters. "I try to teach every pupil as if he were to appear at a concert at the Crystal Palace," he observes incidentally; and what could be more excellent than his advice to his sister: "The real advertisement for a piano-teacher is to make Miss Smith play so well that Miss Jones immediately wants to take lessons; this is the way in which I have got nearly every one of my pupils. At the same time you must play yourself and always make progress, or your teaching will not, of course, make progress, and consequently go to pot. (Serve it right.)" His strong sense of humour helped him over many a stile, and very amusing is his enthusiastic account of the splendid reception given to his adored friend in the year 1886, when the very cabmen, as he records proudly, "talked of Habby Liszt."



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the most charming in the world, even though he must have his fling at some of their customs. Max is very withering about what he styles our "undress for the evening." The palm for beauty goes to Ireland and Hungary, while the American woman is an ensemble of desirable qualities, and the frankest and freest of her kind. We are not surprised to learn that the French woman makes the best wife—indeed, the picture of Madame presented in these pages is infinitely attractive. Of the New Woman Movement, Max has no opinion at all, nor does he understand the craving for equality. "You would be man's equal," he exclaims, "as if you ought not to be content with being incontestably his superior!" The women he hates include in one sweeping category lady lawyers, doctors, public speakers, and authors; but he adds, in a burst of enthusiasm, "How I love the pretty woman who dresses well, smiles pleasantly, parts her hair in the middle, and has never done anything in her life!" This is a pleasant book, light, bright, even frothy, but by no means to be characterised as shallow.

Mr. Irving justly remarks that the French criminal procedure makes far more interesting reading than the English. To our minds, trained in the strictest regard for the rules of evidence, it is generally irrelevant, often grotesque, and always sentimental to a scarcely credible degree. But it is founded on a very clear method. The object of the French procedure is not so much to convict a prisoner by the testimony of witnesses as to convict him out of his own mouth. Hence the elaborate interrogatory, which is a skilfully calculated machinery for breaking down his self-command. It is conducted with